

The TATLER

Vol. CXXII. No. 1585.

London, November 11, 1931

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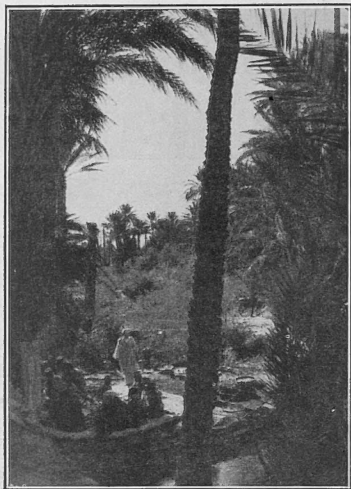
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The TATTLER

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POSTAGE: Inland, 2d.; Canada and
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Price One Shilling



CAPTAIN JOHN LASCELLES AND HIS FIANCÉE, MISS BETTY MANNERS

Photographed at Croxton Park where the Duke of Rutland's Hounds opened the season on their Leicestershire side. Miss Betty Manners, who goes hunting with enormous enthusiasm, is a cousin of the Duke of Rutland, to whom the hounds belong, and the only daughter of Lady Robert Manners. Her father, the late Lord Robert Manners, was Joint Master of this famous family pack for two seasons. Captain John Lascelles, Coldstream Guards, is a kinsman of Lord Harewood and the only son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. G. R. Lascelles of Ashley Court, Market Harborough. According to present arrangements Captain Lascelles and Miss Manners are to be married in January, and they are likely to be stationed in Egypt after their wedding



WITH THE GARTH: LORD AND LADY
NORTHESK

Lord Northesk is better known as a Cresta Run "jockey" than in the hunting meadow. He has won the St. Moritz Grand National twice and is now taking on the far less dangerous pastime of chasing the fox

The Letters of Eve

very attractive, with a snub nose, and he is good-looking too, though on the small side.

* * *

IN spite of the fact that the leading figures both had terrible colds and must have been awfully tired after weeks of electioneering, Miss Romaine Combe's marriage to Lord Castlereagh was one of the happiest I have ever attended. Decidedly old style, with traditional white satin, orange blossom, and heirloom lace—such a pleasant change after pink brides, green brides, glass-tiara-ed brides, and all the rest.

Although they are grand fun at a party, Lord and Lady Castlereagh take their great responsibilities seriously, and the whole atmosphere on that Saturday morning was refreshingly free from the "Hollywood touch" which has invaded so many smart weddings of late. Most of the "bright young people" were, perhaps, mercifully, absent; in fact, there were very few girls to be seen

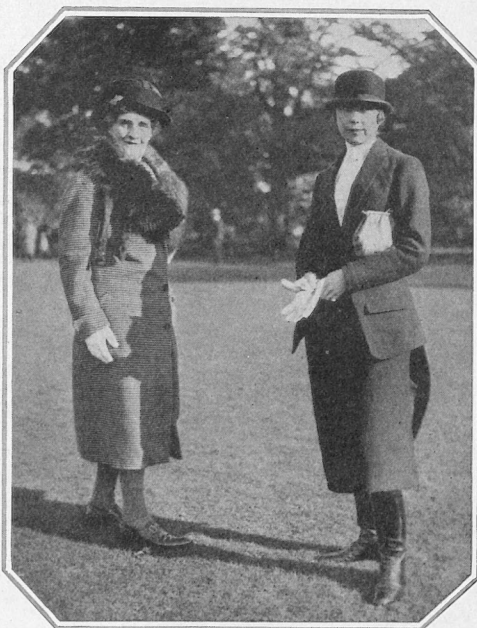


AND ALSO: LADY VICTORIA VILLIERS AND
HER DAUGHTER ANGELA

Another snapshot on the Garth Hunt's opening day at Haines Hill, when a big muster turned up. Lady Victoria Villiers is a sister of the Duke of Roxburghe and married Lieut.-Colonel Charles Villiers in 1901

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.
MY DEAR,—Such a party given last week by that blonde bachelor baronet, Sir Hugh Smiley and the Princesse de Chimay. Hunting noises mingled with bright young shrieks and the fun waxed fast and furious on a surprising drink which was apparently composed of every known spirituous and vinious element mixed at random. Lady Buchanan-Jardine did her share in making things go with a swing, and the Beaton sisters who have once more returned from obscurity were having a grand time, screaming with delight over an epigram which Mr. Hamish Erskine had made about them. I gathered that this was rather surprising to the perpetrator as the *bon mot* was none too complimentary. Rosita Forbes was there and that lovely Mrs. Pym who is so like Mrs. Archie Campbell. Lots of other people of all descriptions, and it went on till goodness knows when.

The afore-mentioned Mr. Hamish Erskine and his sister, Mary, are tremendously in the picture just now. One sees them everywhere. They seem to be perpetually at the top of their form, ready for any of the wilder schemes, and their conversation is particularly racy. You should have heard them at the Café de Paris the other night. She is



ANOTHER GARTH SNAPSHOT AT THEIR OPENING MEET

The Dowager Lady St. John Mildmay and the present Lady St. John Mildmay at Haines Hill, where the Garth usually open their season. The present baronet, who succeeded on the death of his father in 1929, was married in 1920 to Miss Violet Hay-Drummond. He was formerly in the Grenadiers

in the stately rooms of Hampden House. Lady Abingdon had an emerald-green feather in her hat and looked very nice; so did Mrs. Charlie Winn and Lady Munster, both in grey. The latter's mother, Mrs. Kenneth Wilson, owns that lovely house, Cannizaro, on Wimbledon Common, and Lady Munster herself plays the piano too beautifully.

* * *

Our hostess, the Duchess of Sutherland, wore brown velvet and fur very successfully, and other good-lookers included Lady Wodehouse, Mrs. Peter Thursby, and Lady Milbanke, who is just back from Ireland. She and Lady Plunket (entrancing in a vivid blue astrakhan-trimmed coat of Victorian cut) were being sternly chaperoned and well cared for by their very grown-up and self-possessed young sons.

By the way, a policeman at the Horlick-Nicholl wedding took such care of one of the Nicholl cars that he refused to allow the bride's mother to get in touch with it after the ceremony, being, apparently, unshakably convinced that it didn't belong to her; consequently, she had to take a taxi, and arrived at Hyde Park Square rather late and very flustered.

There were some twenty ushers at St. Margaret's; such disconsolate young men, my dear.

But Mrs. Peter Horlick took pity on them as she came down the aisle and wafted a kiss to each in turn. She and her husband went to a "flick" from the Ritz that night, and to Paris the next day. Egypt is to see them soon. Oh, I forgot to tell you, that in addition to her bouquet of mauve orchids she carried a special contrivance for taking the fizz out of fizz, knowing she would need it later.

The birthday lunch given by Prince Ali Khan in honour of his famous father, the Aga, was a tremendous affair. We all admire that genial sportsman, and it seemed as if every conceivable kind of person had turned up at the Malmaison to wish him many happy returns of the day.

Captain Wedgwood Benn and Mr. J. H. Thomas, who was bearing up bravely in spite of the verdict of the N.U.R.; lots of Indian relatives, including the Prince of Hyderabad; lovely people like Lady Diana Cooper and Mrs. Armstrong Jones; it was a mixed but immensely successful gathering. And the cause of it all, beaming at the head of the table, appeared to be enjoying himself more than anyone.

How very pretty the Begum is, and so wonderfully chic.

General Post in houses seems to be the game of the moment, and I'm constantly hearing of new players.

Lord and Lady Francis Hill, for instance, are moving out of their dear little habitation in Brompton Square. She has the loveliest red-gold hair which she has passed on to her lucky small son and daughter.

The neighbourhood will miss those three delightful cop-



LAST IN ENTHUSIASTS AT NORTH BERWICK

General Sir David Kinloch and his son, Mr. Alexander Kinloch, and Mrs. Kinloch, who are amongst the end of the season lingerers at the famous northern links. One of Sir David and Lady Kinloch's daughters is the Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton and another Lady Brownlow

spend the winter here, so we shall have a perfect example of French *décor* to take Lady Louis' place.

Baroness d'Erlanger's daughter is like a brilliant bird of paradise. She wears the strangest clothes, but they suit her. I well remember the sensation she made at the Ritz when, long before we had even contemplated the possibility of the present tipped-over-the-eye hattings, she appeared in a tiny sailor's cap clinging, apparently, to her right ear, and trimmed with—you'll never guess—a diamond watch!

There's going to be another "to see ourselves" sort of book soon; that is, if Mr. Patrick Balfour doesn't get type-writer's cramp before he's "sorted" his novel. It is to be called "Smoke Without Fire" if the title hasn't been taken before.

Apparently it is a long business to find this out, and only careful scrutiny of British Museum bookshelves will decide.

Some nervousness is being felt by those who know they feature in this work, for the author is not likely to be fulsome in his compliments. Lady Adare fears the worst, having been told that she is one of the least pleasant characters!

The Waugh brothers have been in the same Devonshire fastness as Mr. Balfour, preparing for the publisher, and no doubt a bit more entertaining aspishness has escaped from their pens, so we can look forward to some quiet fire-side fun.

Now for some Irish despatches: "Quite a lot of enthusiasm over here about English political happenings and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's fine showing. We are pretty proud, too, of our Mr. Cosgrave and his heroic determination to restore peace to this sorely tried country, at the risk, one can truthfully say, of his own life."

(Continued overleaf)



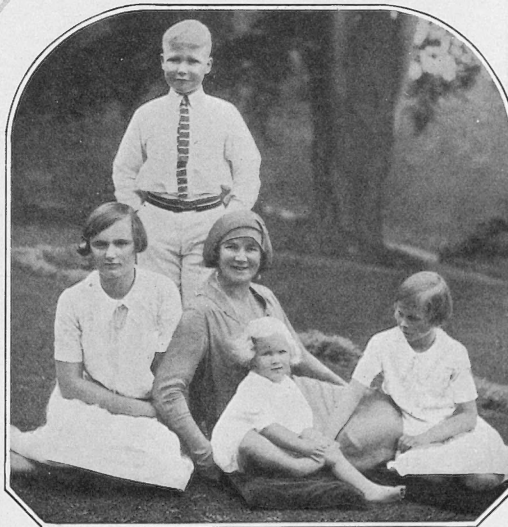
Bertram Park

MISS BETTY SHAUGHNESSY

A recent picture of the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Piers Legh and the late Hon. A. T. Shaughnessy, who was a son of the first Lord Shaughnessy. Miss Shaughnessy is on the committee of the Ivory Cross Matinée to be held to-morrow, November 12, at the London Hippodrome, in support of the National Dental Aid Fund

perly heads, but as Mr. and Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger and entrancing two-year-old Miss d'Erlanger are to be the new tenants of number 45 there is no cause for depression. They will have an interesting neighbour in Mr. Benson of "Dodo" fame, who lives on the west side of the Square.

The Plunkets are giving up their home in Brook Street, and, as you know, Brook House itself is up for sale. There is no doubt that Lady Louis Mountbatten, just off to Malta for two years, will be much missed. She is always the most "finished" looking person in any ballroom. However, Princess Jean de Faucigny-Lucinge has come over from Paris with her two little girls to



Miss Compton Collier

AT BRAMHAM HOUSE, YORKS: MRS. G. T. RAMSDEN AND HER CHILDREN

Mrs. Ramsden is a Norwegian and the wife of Captain G. T. Ramsden and was born in the Arctic Circle. She is the eldest daughter of the late Nils Juel-Hansen, Janen, Finmarken, who was a pioneer and one of the leading men of the north of Norway. Bramham House is at Boston Spa, Yorks.

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

But Ireland has always produced great men. Take, for instance, those three noble martyrs to a sense of patriotism—Lord HolmPatrick, Judge Wylie, and Mr. Derek Barton, who, at the stern bidding of the Royal Dublin Society, are forsaking their wives and their hunting to journey to Paris in answer to the call of duty. It is to be hoped that at least the R.D.S. will allow some little relaxation in the evenings, and that perhaps a small dinner-party or even a concert may be permitted to these three strong, silent men.

Opening meets come thick and fast, and Lady HolmPatrick, Mrs. Geoffrey Gilpin, and Lady Fingall have reinforced the feminine followers of the Meath this season. There are those who would welcome a few more of the opposite sex, but some people are never satisfied. Anyway, it is rumoured that young Lord Gormanston is to hunt with the Louth, and we hope to see Mr. Brian Macartney-Filgate out too.

“Bad luck for Major Symonds to become a casualty so early on; reports as to his progress are, however, good. I hear Mrs. Montgomery is again lending her lovely house for the Louth Hunt Ball, and is also contemplating a coming-out dance for her daughter.”

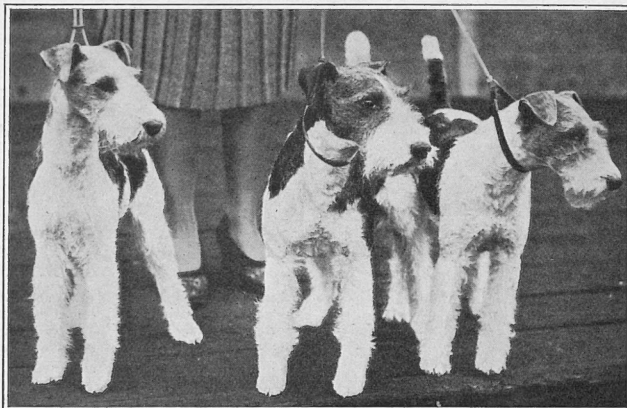
“The Kildare Harriers were in great form on their opening day, and Mrs. Connell beamed on quite a big field. This included Captain and Mrs. Rob Fanshawe, both marvellously mounted and turned out—a regular Munnings picture in fact.”

“The Kilkeny are all agog at the projected arrival from Leicestershire of Miss Marjorie Leigh and Miss Diana Fellowes. It's understood that they'll stay at the new hotel which Captain and Mrs. Eccles run so well.”

“Ireland feels very flattered that Lady May Abel Smith and her husband have chosen the Free State for their honeymoon. I'm told on good authority that they are likely to pay Powerscourt a visit while they are over.”

“Great chat about the Dumfries-Forbes engagement, and everyone agrees that it is most suitable in every way. There'll be no lack of money, will there? Terribly unfortunate for poor Lady Eileen to be felled by appendicitis just now, and in Paris too. We all hope for her quick recovery, and that she won't leave us altogether when she's married. As she adores all things Irish there's reason for optimism.”

And so Mrs. Wilson-Filmer has ceased to be, and Lady Baillie has taken her place. The lovely and much-married heiress to the Whitney millions is unusually retiring and very loyal to a small but devoted circle of friends.



THREE LIVE WIRES

Miss C. V. Robertson's three competitors in the wire-haired terrier class at the Metropolitan and Essex Canine Society's Championship show, at the Crystal Palace last week. The dogs in the picture are “Diana,” “Mary,” and “Johnny.” The show was a good success and classes all round were as well patronized as could be expected

up and take notice. In this case it is “get down and take the floor,” for the new ball-room was viewed by the elect when the Porcelain Ball luncheon occurred. It was a preliminary canter, so to speak, for the party itself is billed for the 24th of this month, and with brighter prospects ahead should undoubtedly be a big success.

Mrs. Baldwin spoke most fervently and well on the charitable subject involved—that of the National Birthday Trust Fund. Next to the Conservative leader this is said to be her chief interest! It won't be just a “sacrifice yourself for a good cause” party, for there will be a chance of winning a superb bit of porcelain as each ticket carries a key which may open one of the prize-winning caskets.

As for the ball-room, it's a dream of silver and green with glorious vistas of old London parks painted on the panels. It is built to hold an incredible number of dancers. May you be one of them on the 24th.

What queer things people do. A young man of my acquaintance, setting off in his car for a country week-end, called on a friend before leaving London. Some hours after he had departed his expensive auto was still sitting outside the house, and I'm told that the owner never missed it till Monday, and is still racking his brains as to where on earth he could have left it. Can you beat that for absent-mindedness?—Ever, EVE.

P.S.—Wonder if there's any truth in the rumour that the grandson of a well-known racing man is engaged to a princess? Have you heard it?



AT THE CAMBRIDGE DRAG TRIALS: MR. K. L. URQUHART AND MISS NEVILL

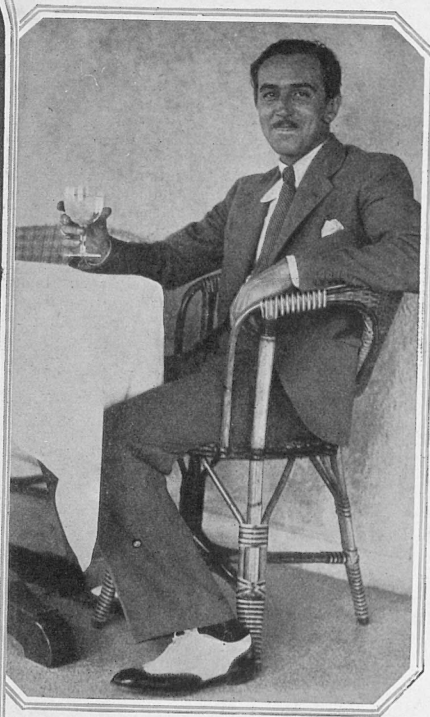
The Cambridge University Draghounds held their hunter trials over Highfield Farm at Caldecote, near Cambridge. Mr. K. L. Urquhart is the new Master. Up to last season Lord Somerton had them

PEOPLE WE LIKE TO MEET !



BACK FROM HOLLYWOOD: MISS ELISSA LANDI *Hat Phye*

Miss Elissa Landi, who came back to us for a short holiday from Hollywood, is off again very soon, for there is little peace for the talented, and America has decided that she is exactly the kind of heroine the films want. She was purloined from us about a year ago, and immediately became a star of the Fox Corporation. So far she has been in "Body and Soul," "Always Good-bye," "Wicked," and "The Yellow Ticket." The big interest in this page, however, is the creator of "Mickey Mouse," who has proved a second Alexander. He has been shown already in ten different languages, and if any more are necessary they no doubt will be added, but his pictures tell their own story, and no words are really necessary. Mr. Walt Disney has made what is known as a "packet," and deserves to for all the pleasure he has given. Miss Joyce Kennedy continues to be thoroughly scared every night and two afternoons per week in Edgar Wallace's "The Case of the Frightened Lady" at Wyndham's, and will go on being so for some time to come



"MICKEY MOUSE"—WALT DISNEY



MISS JOYCE KENNEDY—"THE FRIGHTENED LADY" *Dorothy Wilding*

The Cinema : Tivoli Shakespeare

By JAMES AGATE

WHAT a funny world the lower classes live in! Not so odd, perhaps, as that of the upper classes which deem *Cavalcade* "a trifle too obvious for dear Noel," but still funny enough. I was going to say something about wild horses, but that would be absurd because wild horses cannot be got to do anything. But tame horses of the heavy draught variety, descendants of those sturdy cobs which in the darling Middle Ages would be harnessed to some assassin's wrists and ankles and patiently divide him—tame horses of this order would not persuade an audience into a performance of *Othello* unless, of course, that masterpiece were being played at the Old Vic. or the New Lillian. On the other, hand no force on earth, not even that of economic depression, has ever been able to keep the British public from adoring degenerate copies and emasculated versions of immortal works. Is it to be imagined that an audience of more than two could be got to see a *pukka* performance of *Romeo and Juliet* in the West End? No! In fact the only two people whom I could guarantee going would be Mr. Herbert Marshall and Miss Edna Best. But hint to the public that these dears are going to play at those darlings in prose, with a happy ending and no mention of corpses, *Verona* and *Time Past*, and I see no reason why two million play-goers should not present themselves for edification. But I must be getting back to *Othello*, or rather to *Carnival* at the Tivoli, which trumpery masterpiece is Shakespeare's play watered down by way of *Pagliacci*. What nonsense it all is, and what a magnificent film it makes! Magnificent because everything which makes *Othello* a great drama has in the film been purged away. There is no Iago; and Desdemona is guilty! Here the reader interrupts and I will deal with the interruption presently.

Perhaps this is the place to discuss a point which throughout the film continually disturbed me. What was the nationality of the characters? Silvio the actor, and Simonetta the actress, are Italians. Good. Nor do I object to Mr. Lang and Miss Dorothy Bouchier making no pretence of talking anything other than good Belgrave Square, since they look reasonably foreign, and nothing is more annoying than the consistent assumption of a foreign accent. You realize from Mr. Lang's and Miss Bouchier's looks that they are Italian enough for film purposes, and they tell you in the first two sentences that they propose to adopt good middle-class English. But why then should Silvio have a sister who in the person of Miss Lilian Braithwaite is at least eleven times less Italian than her brother, since this delightful actress is essentially more English than a novel by Mr. Galsworthy? And why should Simonetta have a lover who in the person of Mr. Joseph Schildkraut is at least eleven times more Italian than even the gondoliers, since this film takes place in Venice? Surely this is bad production? Surely it was the duty of Mr. Herbert Wilcox to persuade Miss Braithwaite to a month's diet of garlic or whatever is accountable for foreign temperament, and so temporarily abandon that repose and exquisite sense of style to be found only in the best British angels and not in Venetian viragoes? Surely it was Mr. Wilcox's

duty to abate Mr. Schildkraut's fervour for the Italian, and return like everybody else to the normal, unless, of course, in this case the normal is Yiddish, about which, as the Welsh station-master said, I do not know, so they tell me. Let us leave this subject, however, merely asking whether Mr. Lang speaking any dialect under the sun really prefers: "O thou weed, who art so fair that the sense aches at thee!" to Shakespeare's proposed version. Our Will may have been a piffing playwright judged by film standards, but he knew a good line of poetry when he made one up.

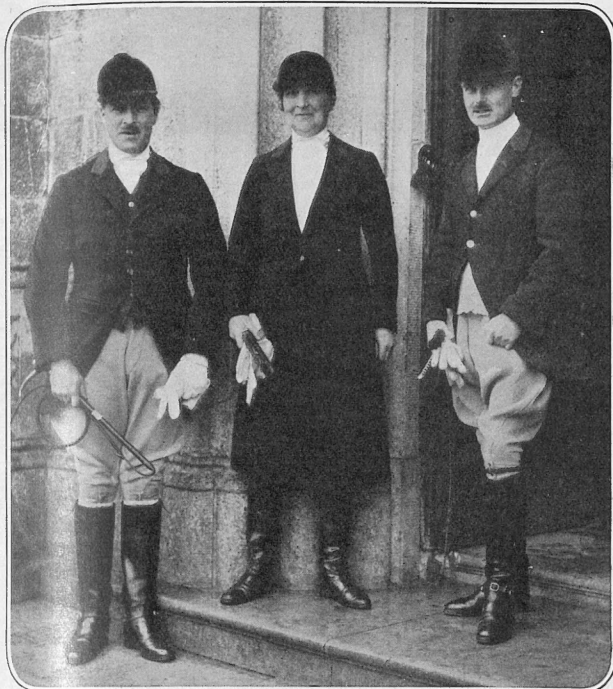
My principal complaint against this film, which I continue to regard as magnificent, is that in the end we discover with Silvio that there has been nothing whatever to make a fuss about! This is the point to which I said I would return. The situation is as follows: Silvio has been called to a death-bed in Milan on carnival night, so Simonetta, who has a new frock, goes off with

Andrea. But there isn't any train to Milan, so Silvio goes back home and sits glowering glumly at the fire-works until Simonetta returns in the dawn with her dress half torn off her back. This is too much, or too little, for Silvio, who that night throttles Simonetta—Desdemona for good and plenty, after which he rolls on the floor in authentic epilepsy. He is carried to Simonetta's dressing-room and recovers after medical ministrations which, to the cursory observer, would appear totally inadequate. It is now necessary to recall a shot showing Simonetta and Andrea spread on some divan, sofa, ottoman, or other couch of luxury. Simonetta is registering with maximum intensity the pained expression of the little girl who regrets having stolen the jam. Resumptively Andrea approaches and tentatively bites her ear. Will its owner yield to him again? And we realize that the teeniest little teeny in the audience knows the answer. Their lips collide. Simonetta's version of this to Silvio, now sitting up and taking notice, is that at the critical moment she remembered her duty as a faithful wife and remained one. Now either this is a lie or in that earlier shot the camera lied, which is impossible, for Simonetta's pained expression was obviously the sulking of remorse and not at all the sullens of self-denial. Besides, in another scene did not Andrea offer to give Silvio satisfaction, *anglice* to be killed in a duel? And we reflect that not even an Italian offers his life in return for being pushed off a sofa unrewarded. No, this film commits the cardinal sin of exploiting frailty and then pretending that in the way of frailty there has been nothing doing or done. In the end Silvio believes Simonetta, and the film asks us to believe that Silvio was right in believing, for any other supposition would involve irony which in this art is alleged to spell bankruptcy. As Silvio believes, his make-up comes off on Simonetta's face with the result that this version of *Othello* ends in laughter's merry little peal. But think of the film that was missed—Simonetta strangled, Silvio put on trial, counsel's successful defence of accidental death brought about by excessive realism, the acquittal, Silvio's unwillingness to accept the verdict since he cannot live without Simonetta, his impassioned confession of what really happened, his plea for sentence, and if you like, his death in the dock from heart failure.

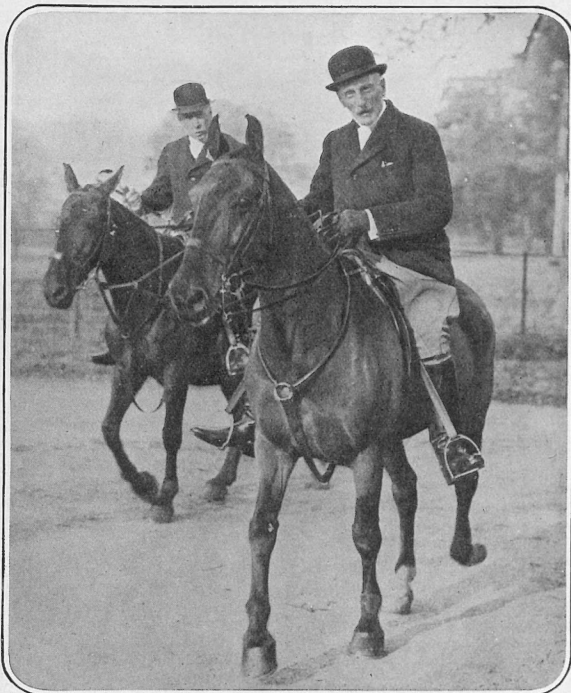


IN "GUILTY HANDS": MADGE EVANS AND LIONEL BARRYMORE

The new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film, "Guilty Hands," started at the Empire on the day after Guy Fawkes' Day! Madge Evans started her film career very young—in 1919 to be precise. She is only just twenty-two. Lionel Barrymore is John's brother, and both really belong more to the stage than the flickers



Poole, Dublin
THE JOINT MASTERS OF THE MEATH, CAPTAIN HORNSBY (right) AND MRS. CONNELL, WITH LORD HOLMPATRICK



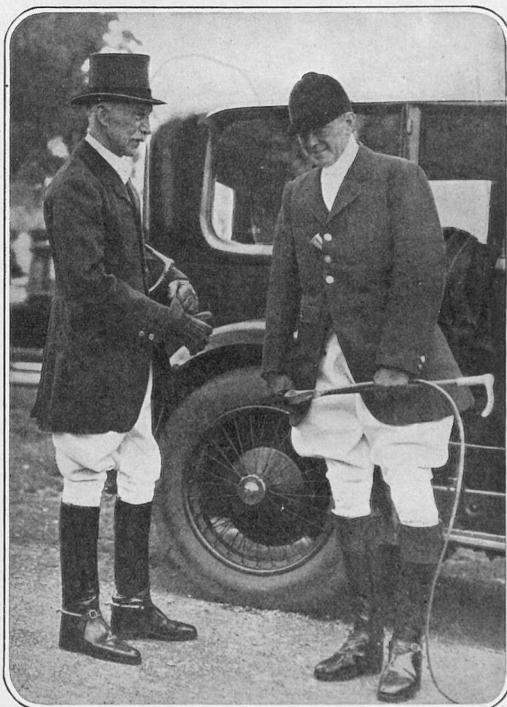
HUNTING AT EIGHTY: LORD TREOWEN (in the foreground) AT THE MONMOUTHSHIRE'S OPENING MEET



IN THE BELVOIR COUNTRY: THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND AND LADY ENID TURNOR

"Hounds, Please"

And so another fox-hunting season starts. Here's wishing all its supporters a front place in the fun. Mrs. Connell, who joined Captain J. A. Hornsby in the Mastership of the Meath, is also Master of the Kildare Harriers. Lord Holmpatrick is an ex-Master of the Meath and acting Field-Master. This picture was taken when Hounds met at Killeen. The opening meet of the Monmouthshire was held at Llanarth Court, the home of Lord Treowen, a very gallant octogenarian. The Duchess of Rutland and Captain Herbert Turnor's wife were photographed when the Belvoir were at Croxton Park, their opening meet on the Leicestershire side. Sir George Meyrick has been Master of the New Forest Foxhounds since 1919. Mr. Price is a veteran member of the Hunt



WITH THE NEW FOREST: THE MASTER, SIR GEORGE MEYRICK, AND MR. O. T. PRICE

Parties and Politics: By PETER PINDAR

IF we are looking for an analogy with the present position we find the nearest (as I suggested last week) in the General Election of 1918, when Mr. Lloyd George was returned at the head of a Coalition numbering 483. That Coalition, it is worth remembering, was made up as follows: 334 Unionists, 136 Liberals, and 13 Socialists. The Opposition consisted of several groups, 15 Independent Unionists, 29 Liberals of the Old Guard, a Labour Party of 59, and 73 Sinn Feiners. Outwardly, the position of Mr. Lloyd George seemed as strong in 1918 as that of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in 1931. There was nothing to fear from the groups in Opposition even if they were to unite. The ball was then, as now, at the Prime Minister's feet.

What brought about the downfall of Mr. Lloyd George? It would help Mr. Ramsay MacDonald if he were to put that question to himself and guide his future course according to the answer. Mr. Lloyd George was a Liberal at the head of a Government mainly Conservative. He was rather more than a Liberal, he was a Radical; he said on one illuminating occasion that he had left his conscience in the hands of "The Manchester Guardian," and he followed a Radical policy at the head of a Conservative Government. This made a sort of furtiveness in the policy of Mr. Lloyd George. In his Russian policy, in his Irish policy, in his Indian policy, in everything, he followed a line which he knew the Conservative Party detested. He held secret negotiations, he made secret decisions which were covered up by the most elaborate concealments. He denounced Bolshevism at the same time as he kept touch with the Bolsheviks. He pretended to be all out for the extirpation of the murder-gang in Ireland when he was negotiating with their leaders. He was besides building up a "personal" fund and creating a personal party, so as to make himself independent of Conservatism. It was a tricky, shifty sort of statesmanship, rather like the subterfuges of a gentleman who keeps two establishments, which in the end were likely to lead to disaster. And so it did.

"I do not blame the Conservatives," Mr. Lloyd George remarked after the final split. "They stood me a long time." They stood him, that is to say, until the betrayal of their friends in Ireland made it impossible, with honour, to condone and connive any longer. And the result of it all was the headlong fall of Mr. Lloyd George himself. He looked back upon his Radicalism and was turned into a pillar of salt.

The Conservatives have often been called a stupid party; they are certainly a loyal party. They would have supported Mr. Lloyd George to the day of his death if he had played the game by them. But they did not think it was playing the game to accept their support and do them an injury. For that they have never forgiven Mr. Lloyd George—and Mr. Lloyd George has never forgiven them.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in 1931 is very much in the position of Mr. Lloyd George in 1918. He is a man of another party and of other ideas resting on Conservative support. If he works, as Mr. Lloyd George worked, for his own hand; if he takes a malicious delight in leading Conservatives up the garden path, his Government will end as the Coalition ended—in distrust, dissension, and incompatibility. If, on the other hand, he plays the game by the Conservatives, we may take it as certain that the Conservatives will play the game by him.

I am not suggesting that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald need be false to himself in order to keep Conservative support. There was between Mr. Lloyd George and the typical Conservative a certain natural antipathy. They disliked each other by instinct. I doubt if

there is the same natural antagonism between Mr. Baldwin and Mr. MacDonald. The Conservatives have always prided themselves on the support of the working classes; normally they command more working class votes than the Socialists themselves; the typical Conservative is liked and trusted by the typical Conservative English working man. They both like dogs and horses; they are both patriots and Nationalists; they are both Protectionists; there is a common factor of robust British feeling which unites them. The pity of it is that the Conservative Party has a good deal lapsed into the hands of lawyers, retired business men, Jewish financiers, and such like. These have not the same instinct for getting on with men, of ruling without ruffling, which the old English aristocracy possessed—and still possesses. In the old families that used to rule, the way of looking at things, the frankness and the freedom of mind, the habit (to take a small example) of calling one another Tom and Jack and Bill are much nearer the working classes than the middle classes. We should expect a Stanley or a Cavendish to get on very much better with a Jim Thomas than with a Herbert Samuel or a David Lloyd George. Take, as a case in point, Mr. Thomas's recent despatch to the Governor of Cyprus; it could not have been written by a Radical—but it was quite in the style of Palmerston. It is upon some such common basis of Nationalism that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald might contrive an honest co-operation with the Conservative Party—Nationalism and humanity. If he succeeds it will be by instinct, by something of the same sense as brings two partners in a dance into a pleasant harmony. Has Mr. MacDonald the feeling for it? Time will show.

There are two very big dangers which stand in his way, the one being the tariff question, the other India. I find it easy to believe that Mr. MacDonald is converted to the need of tariffs; there his Socialism rather helps than hinders him. But if he is a balancing politician, he no doubt takes into account the views of Sir Herbert Samuel and his friends. If he goes in for a tariff policy he may lose these Liberals by a move of the platoon across the floor of the House; if he shelves the tariff issue he will only discourage and disappoint the Conservatives—at least, for a time. They will turn against him very slowly and very reluctantly, and he may be tempted to prefer this slow declension with a great party to a sudden breach with a small.

India for Mr. MacDonald is very much what Ireland was for Mr. Lloyd George. If he chooses the course of surrender to Gandhi and the Congress Party he will find a certain number of

Conservatives and the official half of the Liberals to go with him. As in Ireland, so in India; there is the temptation of what looks like the easy course—to give up the fight has always the appearance of solving the difficulty. The real disadvantages of surrender would come later on. And for this reason, that the Congress Party are the implacable enemy of everything British in India. Gandhi, who is a very astute politician, may dissemble the hatred of his followers; but it is the real driving force of Congress. They do not really want democratic powers; they want to have the government of India in the hands of a combination of Brahmins and bunnias—that is to say, priests and money-lenders. Before the British came to India a very astute and very corrupt race of Brahmins managed things entirely to their own satisfaction in the hundred-and-one Indian Governments which then divided and fought over the Peninsula. The British provided a better and more honest system of government; but they dispossessed this Brahmin oligarchy, and for that they will never be forgiven.

TRANS-AFRICA

The Air Fulfills Cecil Rhodes's Dream

The All-Red Overland Route between Cairo and Cape Town is about to be carried even farther than was imagined by Cecil Rhodes forty years ago.

Within a few weeks the new Empire Airway will link Cape Town not only with Cairo, but with London itself, through a quick weekly service on new giant aircraft that call at all the British provinces on the eastern side of the African continent.

Our contemporary, "The Graphic," is issuing this week a big special number to commemorate this achievement. It cannot fail to interest all air-minded people, as well as all who have connections with the Union of South Africa and with the rest of the lands covered—Kenya, Tanganyika, Uganda, the Soudan, Nyassaland, and Zanzibar.

Through lavish pictures in colour, and brilliant photographs from the air, British Dominions and Protectorates are presented by "The Graphic" in vivid aspects—big game studies, beauty spots, marvels of Nature, the gold mines, etc., etc.

Among the distinguished contributors are:

The Right Hon. Sir Eric Geddes (Chairman of Imperial Airways), who forecasts the future of Empire air transport, and

Mr. John Buchan, M.P., the well known author.

Given away with the same special number of "The Graphic" (on sale next Friday, November 13) is a large loosely inserted plate, suitable for framing, from a remarkable drawing of the first debate in the National Government's new House of Commons this week.



ON THE STEPS OF PYTHOUSE, COLONEL FANE-BENETT-STANFORD'S HOME

FIELD TRIALS AT PYTHOUSE

A West Country Gathering



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS
OF SOMERSET

His Grace of Somerset was one of the guns at the Dorset Retriever Field Trial Society's recent meeting held over Colonel Fane-Bennett-Stanford's estate near Tisbury in Wiltshire. It was a two-day affair and most successful. The Squire of Pythouse, who has served in four campaigns, and used to be in the Royals, is one of the society's staunchest supporters



AIR VICE-MARSHAL SIR CHARLES
LAMBE, K.C.B., AND LADY LAMBE



COLONEL RALPH SNEYD, MRS. VENABLES
KYRKE, AND HER ANNINGSLEY CRACKERS

Mrs. Venables Kyrke's well-bred Labrador was one of the many retrievers entered for the Trials at Pythouse. Colonel Sneyd, a very noted, shot comes from Staffordshire, Keele Hall being his ancestral home, but he now lives at Bradwell Grange near Codford St. Peter. Air Vice-Marshal Sir Charles Lambe retired from the R.A.F. last month after commanding the Coastal Area for three years

THE HUNTING SEASON, 1931-32—BOTH THE



THE WHADDON CHASE AT CUBLINGTON

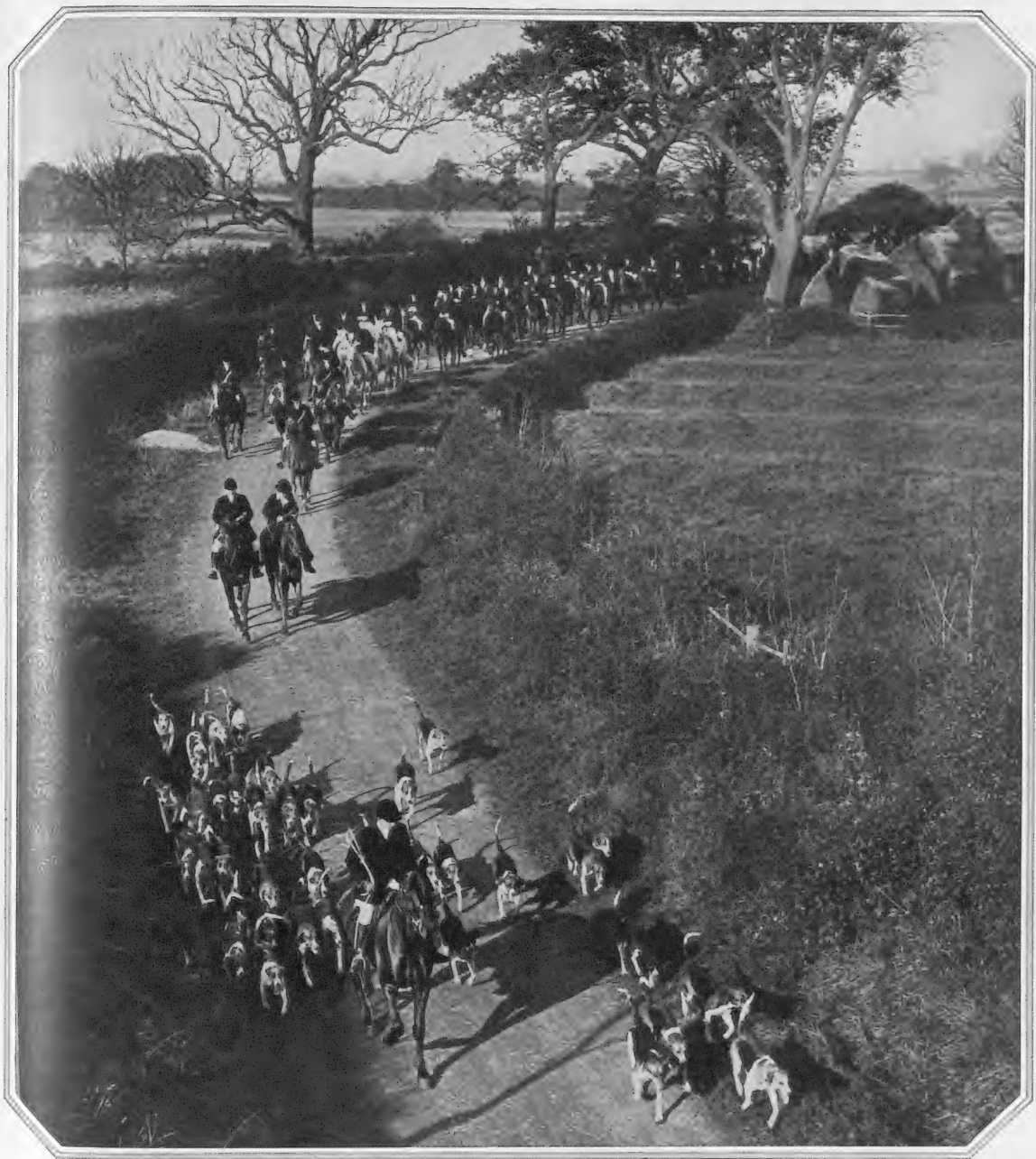


THE OLD BERKELEY OPENING DAY AT LATIMER

The Whaddon's opening day was at Cublington, which is hard by a brook of that name, which has gathered in a good few of the bold ere now. The Earl of Rosebery carries on solus as heretofore, but at the moment anxiety on account of the illness of his son, Lord Dalmeny, is preventing his being in command. Everyone naturally is full of sympathy and hoping for more favourable bulletins. Like his father, Lord Dalmeny is a really good man to go. Bodington, the Whaddon huntsman, who is in the centre of the picture, has now quite recovered from the bumping bad fall he had last year when he fractured a hip. Latimer, where the Old Berkeley had their opening fixture, is Lord Chesham's seat.

Mr. Teddie Drake, for many years Master, having resigned, Mr. S. G. R. Barratt carries on alone, and is hunting hounds himself

PROVINCES AND THE SHIRES OPEN THE BALL



THE QUORN KIRBY GATE DAY

The hounds, the huntsman, young George Barker, the Masters (Major Burnaby and Sir Harold Nutting), and the customary brigade of cavalry which parades for the opening meet at Kirby Gate, going to the equally customary first draw, Gartree Hill. They found the customary Gartree fox—said to be one of a very ancient family of vulps—and they had a slow thirty-five minutes to Leesthorpe on a scent that was hardly of the serving order. The country is as dry as a chip, and the same complaint comes from all over the land. They had that beautiful bitch pack out, and even if there is no hunt it is treat enough to any true hound lover to gaze upon them. Wonderful Mrs. Algy Burnaby's favourite is only one amongst this real beauty chorus, even though we must admit she is the leading lady



ROSITA FORBES (MRS. A. T. McGRATH)

The owner of a ready pen and an adventurous spirit, who, to obtain the right atmosphere for the new novel, "Ordinary People" (due to-morrow, November 12), spent six months exploring an English industrial town. Colonel Arthur McGrath and his wife leave London next week for South America to study the problems and conditions of British trade in those parts

own causes. It often makes them feel like murder when they have to deal with the effects. Otherwise, politicians of every party would not have been so criminally idiotic as to place hundreds of thousands of youthful "nit-wits" in life's experience upon the electorate; the belief being apparently that, having absolutely no stake in the country other than the somewhat doubtful benefit of having been born in it, they would nevertheless be justified in organizing its destiny. As Anatole France once said—and I quote the passage from Dean Inge's superb volume of Christian faith and human common sense, "More Lay Thoughts of a Dean" (Putnam. 7s. 6d.)—"If you start with the supposition that all men are naturally good and virtuous, you invariably end by wanting to kill all who do not agree with you." And so the "nit-wits" of inexperience would gladly be defended by Conservative "Baldwinism" even over the country's ruin. Or wouldn't they? One can scarcely tell. It is so difficult to pass ultra-Socialist measures under the auspices of Conservatism and yet be able to conserve anything at all. In the meanwhile so many laws which common sense urges to be passed, and so many laws which common sense urges to be annulled, shriek to Heaven unheeded. They suffer too greatly from the common-sense inhibition to be given anything but an unheeded hearing. And what I loved about "More Lay Thoughts of a Dean" is that it is so gloriously full of common sense that it might—or rather, so much of it—pass for wit when in reality it is sheer wisdom. Dean Inge has the fortunate—unfortunate, if you prefer—gift of seeing all round a subject, whereas the more popular notion is to ignore the back side. The front, and a glimpse of left and right, satisfy most of us. We leave the fourth side to God. Unfortunately this fourth side has often an unhappy way of completely ruining what looked like perfection, when if we had only taken the common-sense method of walking all round it first of all we need not thereafter be obliged to offer up supplication to Heaven to save what remains of the edifice in which, metaphorically speaking, the drainage has made all the rest uninhabitable. Most of these lay thoughts appeared in "The Evening Standard," but they are well worth republishing, simply because no matter on what light topic they touch there is always an unexpected aspect revealed—an aspect which most of us has never thought of before, and feel as if we wanted to kick ourselves because we didn't. Personally, I found the book a joy. It is witty, it is amusing; but above all, and in no dictatorial sense, it is so wise. Of course, it will bitterly offend many people. Nothing, indeed, is quite so offensive as common sense and the ability to speak one's mind before the more "Panjandromatic" topics. People hug their blind enthusiasms as they hug nothing so wildly. It is, for example, described as a "dash of cold water" to suggest that it seemed an

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

A Book of Real Interest.

THE practical, "common-sensible" man is really a seer, although visionaries and idealists usually regard him as being nothing but a "cog" and a dullard. At least, he is really a seer by comparison with the idealists and the visionaries whose knowledge of cause and effect is, almost without exception, disastrous. People, however, love their

unnecessary sacrifice of a good life when the man who went out to break the Channel "record" got drowned. And this, of course, is only the parable with a million applications. Dean Inge's new book is full of such "dashes," but what a tonic they are! The world is full of people seeing only those things they want to see and as they desire to see them. The Dean, in a witty, kindly, wonderfully readable way, shows most of these things in the cold, clear morning light of common sense. Lots of people will, therefore, be infuriated. But I confess I enjoyed every page of the book, especially the three lectures: "English Religious Poetry," "Scientific Ethics," and "Democracy"; the two last most of all. "More Lay Thoughts of a Dean" is a book which simply insists upon being read twice. As an invitation to thought, combined occasionally with the best kind of mental amusement, it is a book in a thousand.

Extracts from "Lay Thoughts of a Dean."

"From within, out of the heart of man, comes all that can exalt or degrade his nature."

"A tradition does not become more respectable by being ancient; but it is easy to under-rate the intelligence of those who live partly by custom."

"We have to learn, what we have hardly recognized yet, that the problem of leisure is becoming as important as the problem of work and distribution."

"We must allow our sons to follow the gleam wherever it leads them, and be glad if they feel themselves called to do and be something definite."

"All young people with soft hearts tend to be Socialists at twenty-one; only those with soft heads are Socialists twenty years later."

"In appraising their own sex women are usually right; in dealing with the other sex they are very often wrong."

"Faith makes many of the mountains which it has to remove."

"The most disastrous form of corruption is not peculation, but class-bribery through legislation, and in this kind of corruption democratic governments have a bad pre-eminence."

Brilliant Long-short Stories.

As a rule I detest a volume of short stories other than those written by Mr. W. W. Jacobs, whether they be really short or almost long novels in brief. They always remind me of going out to a tea-party—that hateful social duty towards which the male is sometimes "blackmailed" but which, apparently, is the joy of any female no matter what her age may be. Either you know exactly what everyone present is going to say and how they are going to say it, or else that *rara avis* is present, the new-found friend; in which case he or she is invariably about to set sail for the other ends of the earth. And that's that. All the same I am going to make an exception of Mr. Somerset Maugham's "First Person Singular" (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), which is really a volume of six short novels, each of which any less accomplished weaver of plots would have elaborated until they had



MISS OLGA LYNN

Who with Mrs. Charles Aubrey Cartwright organized the various "Æolus" concerts, the latest of which was held at Lady Ribblesdale's house, Regent Lodge, on Tuesday last

(Cont. on p. 228)

AN EACH-WAY BET

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



Doctor: What are you complaining of?

Patient: 'Eart disease and tuberculosis, doctor, but I ain't complaining becos' I gets a pension for 'em

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

reached the 300-page dimension at 7s. 6d. net. How I envy Mr. Maugham his gift of "plot"! How I also envy that gift of his which can bring out every dramatic point in his plots, making each one a dazzling glimpse into the lives of certain interesting if invariably sophisticated people. His stories, both long and short, possess an almost uncanny quality of intimacy. We do not need to get to know the characters to whom he introduces us. We know them at once! Take the case of Janet Marsh in the first story, which tells of the havoc caused by a virtuous woman remaining virtuous: "I was devoted to Janet, but I knew that there was nothing that thrilled her more than the misfortunes of her friends. She was only too anxious to help them, but she wanted to be in the thick of their difficulties. She was the friend in adversity. Other people's business was meat and drink to her. You could not enter upon a love affair

without finding her somehow your confidante, nor be mixed up in a divorce case without discovering that she, too, had a finger in the pie. Withal she was a very nice woman." No more need to describe her. Everyone knows the type. She passes as being intensely sympathetic. And indeed she is. As keen as a hunting enthusiast who feels that the day's sport has cheated him if he is not in at the death. The second story, "The Round Dozen," is the tale of a professional bigamist who can see no crime in marrying one fading woman after another, even though he rob them of their fortunes. Does he not for a short while bring into their lonely lives a thrill, a romance which they thought would never come their way? And isn't that worth paying for? Besides, so he asserts, it is not his fault if he has discovered that most unattached elderly women will marry anybody if only the man goes the tenderly subtle way about it. And this simply for the sake of becoming married women. A sordid, but a very cynically amusing tale; and uncomfortably too true, as you will discover if you read "The News of the World." The third story, "The Human Element," finds Mr. Maugham in great difficulty over retaining his "first person singular," and consequently having to be present at every event, but, after all, his failure in this particular is of no importance. It is the story of a man who loved a beautiful, clever, and highly-educated woman for years, and then discovered that she did not remain living alone because she wanted to retain her liberty, but because for years she had had a secret liaison with her chauffeur. Yes, none of the stories are exactly clean and wholesome, but then, neither is life. In any case, everything Somerset Maugham writes is worth reading, and "First Person Singular" shows him at his best so far as short stories are concerned.

Thoughts from "First Person Singular."

"Life is really very fantastic, and one has to have a peculiar sense of humour to see the fun of it."

"The spirit is very strange; it never soars so high as when the body has wallowed for a period in the gutter."

Evelyn Waugh Goes East.

"Remote People" (Duckworth. 10s. 6d.), by Evelyn Waugh, is not so amusing as his previous travel book, "Labels," but it is just as enjoyable to read and, apart from laughter, quite as interesting. For one thing he can make historical information entertaining, and that is a rare gift indeed, whether in book form or across a dinner-table. He went to Abyssinia to see the crowning of H.I.M. Haile Selassie the First, and no one present was more astonished at the things he saw; except, peradventure, the Abyssinians themselves, who could not understand why so many distinguished people from so many distinguished Governments should come all the way to Addis Ababa to see them! And the result wasn't in the least like the films of the event which were shown in all the cinemas in London. True, there was a good deal of gorgeousness, but it

was, metaphorically speaking, very like a divinely appointed monarch being accorded divinity two hours late and within a sagging tent. After this crisis, Mr. Waugh went on to Arabia, Zanzibar, Kenya Colony, the Congo, and Rhodesia. And although his adventures are purely personal, and simply because they are personal, so readable and amusing, it is wonderful how he yet manages to give you a lot of information (just the information you want to know), while at the same time entertaining you in just the way you like to be entertained by a book of travel. Kenya Colony sounds especially attractive as he describes it. Of course there was the usual Government tin-pot god on the frontier, who uses his power only to annoy; but after that, when he had been given the key to the working and social situation within the frontier, Mr. Waugh paints a most interesting picture of a British colony at its best. Social free-and-easiness with plenty of work to do that is worth doing—what an



Scot: Will ye no' be hae'in' a wee drappie?
Englishman: Er—yes—thanks
Scot: Weel, awa' in wi' ye—ah'll be walkin' along!

oasis of happy living it sounds in a life which for most of us is such a toil and a weariness amid the wrong kind of civilization! "There is a quality about Kenya," he writes, "which I have found nowhere else but in Ireland, of warm loveliness and breadth and generosity. It was not a matter of mere liking as one likes any place where people are amusing and friendly and the climate is agreeable, but a feeling of personal tenderness." Not that Mr. Waugh's journey to remote people was a journey *de luxe*. In fact, his experiences are even more amusing and interesting when he himself is in difficulties. Moreover, unlike many travellers, he is not ashamed to say that even in the most thrilling journey there are periods of complete boredom, by comparison to which boredom at home is as twenty-four hours of sheer gaiety. Only, let me add, his description of boredom, which he calls nightmares, won't bore his readers. There isn't a breath of boredom in his book from beginning to end. And the illustrations, although they might have been more plentiful, also more topical, are happily no mere collection of snapshots with the author, or generally his wife, standing well in front of everything which you most want to look at. For that, also, I am grateful. It is a delightful book of travel.



ANITA LOOS

By Autori

The creator of the immortal Lorelei, the blonde whom gentlemen preferred, is herself a definite brunette, which fact makes "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" almost a self-denying ordinance. Anita Loos is one of the most amusing writers America has ever given to the world, and if she had never done anything else, which is far from being the fact, Lorelei has raised a permanent memorial to her great talent for bizarre portraiture



*The choice of men who
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IN FAIR KASHMIR: H.H. THE MAHARANI OF KUCH BEHAR AND LIEUT.-COLONEL G. D. OGILVIE



IN RHODESIA: MR. H. G. SQUIERS AND HIS SONS

The snapshot of the little Maharani of Kuch Behar was taken in Srinagar when she was on a visit to H.H. the Maharajah of Kashmir and to Colonel Ogilvie, who was the Resident, but has now been appointed Agent to the Governor-General in the Central Provinces. The Maharani is very popular in England and was hunting in Leicestershire the last time she was here. Mr. H. G. Squiers, snapped in Rhodesia, awakens memories of the Boxer Rising, as he is the eldest surviving son of the late the Hon. Herbert Squiers, who acted as Chief of Staff to Sir Claud Macdonald during the siege of Peking. The three beautiful Parsee sisters in the lower picture are the daughters of the well-known writer and poetess, Mrs. Kothawala of Bombay. They are off back to their native land after five years in Europe



LEAVING FOR BOMBAY: MISS KOTHAWALA, MISS KHORSHED KOTHAWALA, AND MISS NURGESH KOTHAWALA

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

TRÈS CHER,—I am just back from this afternoon's Press performance of the new, spectacular revue, *Paris qui Brille*, at the Casino de Paris. It is a wonderful show. Think of all the superlative adjectives usually employed to praise and describe this sort of entertainment, multiply by X Y Z, double the total, add Georgia Graves and Billy Milton, and you will save me both time and trouble.

Nevertheless, despite the gaiety and the splendour of the glittering hours I have just passed, I feel humpetish and my hump is, bluely and blackly, of the most cameelious kind. You see I happen to be genuinely fond of Mistinguett, and I hate to see her making a mistake. I admire her pluck and her tenacity. I respect the marvellous fight she made when, for so long, success evaded her. I have known her for over twenty years, and I know that, till just before the War, her life was one long struggle.

In those days stars were not made overnight. One climbed slowly and not steadily! I remember when the critics first began to notice her. It was when she created the famous *valse chaloupée* with Max Dearly, at the Moulin Rouge, somewhere around '09 or '10. I can recall, even before that, a brief appearance (that nobody noticed) in London, at the Palace (Theatre of Varieties in those days). She appeared in a song-and-dance number, and generously, almost too generously for the London of that period, displayed the legs that have since become world famous.

When she came back to Paris she played for a while in "straight" comedy at the Variétés and also in *L'Ance de Buridan* at the Gymnase, and then about 1911 she had her first really big success in a revue by Rip at the Bouffes Parisiens, playing the part of a *gosse à Poulbot* and singing "J'suis moche" in a marvellous manner. She was remarkable. The pathetic drudge from the slums, scared and shivering in her rags, one tattered stocking gartered with string, the other spiralled about her ankle, the frill of red flannelette drawers showing under her patched skirt. . . . One wanted to wipe her dirty little nose, bring her in out of the rain, and fill her tummy with a good square meal. Thus she created a type and her future was assured. This, of course, was long before she dared to assume the feathers and diamantés for which she is now famous. In those days she was unaware of her legs—stupidly enough, so were we—and the very nature of her success forbade her to assume the rôle of a Gaby Deslys. I don't know what she did during the War. I was in Belgium during those four interminable years, but when Armistice Days dawned, and I returned to Paris, I found her still playing the same gutter-snipe parts. . . .

Then Gaby died, our unforgettable little Gaby-of-the-Lillies . . . and we thought that there was no one to replace her and dance up and down the monumental stage staircase of the Casino de Paris, until one fine evening we found that the gutter-snipe was—from sheer force of will—capable not only of just wearing a hundred thousand francs worth of ospreys on her auburn curls, but of doing so with an air and a zip that no one had ever quite managed before her. This was ten years ago . . . and ever since "Mis" has kept on keeping on. So have we!! Applauding and admiring her blindly, and paying homage to her indomitable spirit. . . .

But now . . . well, now I find that I cannot write what I had set out to do. I will not mention the would-be acrobatic

dances that we watched in such painful suspense or the . . . no! never mind.

She must be . . . she *looks* . . . so horribly tired, it is heart-breaking, or it would be if there were any necessity for her to be working. But she is one of the richest women on the Paris stage, so it is not in order to make a living that she affronts the spot lights. Excitement? Love of applause? The latter is failing her (and this must be tragic). Excitement! We would give her all that she could desire if she merely appeared once or twice in the course of the evening (instead of a dozen times) and sang for us in that husky, kiddie-voice of hers, some of the old songs that she has made famous and that we still grind-out on the gramophone. . . .



MISS GEORGIA GRAVES

Who is starring in the new Casino de Paris revue, which features Mistinguett. Miss Graves has played at the Dominion in London, and last year was one of the adornments of the Folies Bergères revue

Berri. It was a gorgeous autumn day, and the cottages situated on the edge of the river stood out most picturesquely against the stone bridge and the old church. An old granary attached to the largest cottage has been turned into a rustic theatre, quaint and amateurish in its fittings, but a perfect setting for the display of ancient costumes of the province made and worn by the little workers themselves. Folk songs and dances formed the main part of the programme, and I imagine, from their excellence, that the refreshments served afterwards in the old court-yard were home-brewed and baked in the village also. The simplicity and charm of the whole affair were very attractive. I had an unusually happy time. With love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.

THE TOAST OF VIENNA



MISS BEE JACKSON

The attractive young dancer who is still scoring a great success in Vienna. She first found fame in London as the winner of the World's Charleston Championship, and returned to Austria recently to introduce the rhumba. After concluding her engagement in Vienna she goes to Constantinople and then to Berlin, where she will appear both on the stage and in a new talkie film to be produced shortly

Photographs by Manasse

NOTABILITIES IN LONDON



AT THE CASTLEREAGH-COMBE WEDDING: Left—THE HON. MRS. PERCY THELLUSSON AND HER SON, MR. YORKE. Centre—LADY BEATRICE POLE-CAREW AND MISS POLE-CAREW. Right—THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND AND HER SISTER, LADY BETTY BUTLER



MR. E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM AND A FRIEND WALKING IN BOND STREET



MRS. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST AND MR. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST



OUTSIDE THE EMBASSY: MRS. LEIGH AND H.H. THE BEGUM AGA KHAN

St. Martin-in-the-Fields was the church chosen for the marriage (previously postponed owing to the General Election) of Lord Castlereagh, M.P., only son of Lord and Lady Londonderry, to Miss Romaine Combe, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. Boyce Combe. Invited guests were innumerable, and such tremendous public interest was aroused that the police had plenty to do in preventing a traffic dead-lock. Mr. Philip Yorke, Lord Hardwicke's nephew, is the Hon. Mrs. Thellusson's son by her first marriage. Miss Mary Pole-Carew is Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew's elder daughter and sister of Sir John Carew Pole. Given a sunny morning, Bond Street invariably rewards a sleuthing camera. On this particular occasion Mr. Phillips Oppenheim, the noted novelist, was one victim, and H.H. the Aga Khan's wife another. Seen in Hyde Park were Mrs. Hearst, wife of the American newspaper king, and Constance Duchess of Westminster's brother, Mr. George Cornwallis-West, who is the author of that brilliantly entertaining book, "Edwardian Hey-Days"



IN "THE GLEN OF THE BRIDE"

CAPTAIN HENRY AND LADY MAY ABEL SMITH
(Inset) GLENBRIDE LODGE

The Marquess of Waterford lent his shooting lodge in the heart of the Wicklow mountains to Captain and Lady May Abel Smith for their honeymoon, and no more idyllic spot could be imagined for such an occasion. The first few days of the honeymoon were spent in Norfolk, and the bride and bridegroom also looked at a few hunters at the Leicester sales. Captain Henry Abel Smith is very well known with the Quorn, in whose country his seat is, and it is certain that he and his wife will be hunting with those hounds later on in the season



Photographs by Poole, Dublin



THE BOER WAR: DEPARTURE OF A TROOPSHIP FOR SOUTH AFRICA

CAVALCADE . . . a good word, a good title, a proper pass-word for the National Theatre. Thirty years of England in three hours. What a chance for one showman (Mr. Noel Coward) bidden by another (Mr. C. B. Cochran) to write, stage, and produce a super-spectacle for Old Drury! *Cavalcade* means good-bye to finesse and on with the brass band. And not only the brass band, but those mechanical marvels which pass unnoticed in the world of actuality (the Lane, of course, has outgrown its purely aquatic tradition), but assume magical properties when introduced on the stage. There is a distinct thrill in seeing a very passable edition of a railway engine approaching the footlights breathing out real smoke from its funnel. There is an even greater thrill in the sight of a General 'bus surrounded by a stage crowd of 300. In the Strand 300 people are a mere handful. On Drury Lane stage they look like 3,000. This patriotic panorama, launched at so ripe an hour, is immense. Almost too immense. It moves, thrills, and haunts, but



A GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN

Soon to be a gentleman in khaki ordered south. Alfred Bridges (Mr. Fred Groves) and his wife Ellen (Miss Una O'Connor)

it bewilders. It leaves us ordinary folk who are not immune from those odd spasms of emotion which ripple up and down the spine, causing temporary vacuums in the tummy, lumps in the throat, and, yes, a real tear—literally gasping. It is one of the most stirring, patriotic, bugle-blowing, Kiplingesque, Red White and Blue evenings ever devised, lock stock and barrel, by a theatrical genius.

Mr. Noel Coward, in his most sentimental, heart-on-sleeve mood to which *Bitter Sweet* paved the golden way, crams the last three decades into a series

of tremendous pictures. Each one vibrates with fidelity and imagination. The grouping, the lighting, the dresses of the period, the sentiment, the shock tactics, as it were, are irresistible. They "get you." The mind, kindled by the eye, sets off on a parallel trail of personal recollection. The illusion of the theatre fades into the mirage of dimly-remembered days that seemed so vital then and such thin ghosts now—almost irrelevant ghosts reenacting some game that was only a charade. If one is too young to remember the Boer War (Mr. Coward wasn't born then!) the spell works less feverishly. But August, 1914, and the peace years will make amends. And in any case the old tunes—"Good-bye, Dolly Gray," "Soldiers of the Queen," what good tunes they are and always will be—will help to set the pulses stirring and quicken the national consciousness. If anybody after seeing *Cavalcade* disagrees with Mr. Coward's curtain-speech sentiment that



A PATRIOTIC TOAST

The Marryots (Miss Mary Clare and Mr. Edward Sinclair) drink to England's prosperity, dignity, and peace in the New Year



FOR KING AND COUNTRY: BACK TO THE FRONT

A vivid memory of 1914-1918; the departure of a leave-train from a London terminus. The march of events, from 1899 till to-day, is linked with the history of two families, master and man. Mrs. Marryot (Miss Mary Clare) is seen saying good-bye to her younger son Joe (Mr. John Mills). The elder boy went down in the "Titanic"

it is still a very exciting thing to be English—may he never see a Union Jack or hear the Guards' band again.

The author's retrospect touches the high spots of history with a vengeance, and adds such splashes of topical colour as an East-End market, 1906 (with two bands this time, including the Salvation Army), and a promenade piece of 1910 worthy of Frith's "Derby Day." The sea-front rises steeply above a troupe of minstrels and the holiday crowd; a red-coated band playing *The Gondoliers* stops short to crane their necks sky-wards with the promenaders as one of the first aeroplanes drones noisily overhead. Earlier still we get a succulent morsel of satire in *Mirabelle*, wherein Mr. Coward wittily burlesques the 1900 vintage of musical comedy and cunningly uses the occasion to show us Mafeking Night as seen from the stage. First we see the show from the audience, and then the audience itself cheering frantically after the performance has been dramatically interrupted by news of the relief.

Each period picture has a connecting link, and though the chain cannot attempt to be anything but fragile, it serves its purpose. Mr. Coward wisely lets the pictures tell the story and uses the story merely as a running commentary. It consists of the fortunes of the Marryot family, master and man, from 1899 to 1931. Marryot senior (Mr. Edward Sinclair) embarks for South Africa, a brilliant "shot" of a troopship crowded with cheering C.I.V.s. His wife (Miss Mary Clare) is the central figure who watches, waits, and weeps through three crises—the Boer War, the *Titanic* disaster (a moving cameo in which Mr. Arthur Macrae as her son and Miss Alison Leggatt as his honeymoon bride play sympathetically), and the Great War.

The picture of an endless



IN 1899

Margaret Harris (Miss Irene Browne) as a dashing young matron of the period

IN "THE MERRY WIDOW" ERA

Youth having its fling in the person of Joe Marryot (Mr. John Mills) and Connie of the Chorus (Miss Betty Shale)



TOMTITT 1909



NOVEMBER 1918: ARMISTICE NIGHT TRAGI-COMEDY

procession of khaki-clad troops tramping upwards while three revue comedienne sing the patriotic songs of the moment at first gaily, then listlessly, with haggard faces, to mark the passage of the futile years, is not easy to forget. There is another—the departure of a leave train—and another, Armistice night, which are the inspired work of a born showman. Have we here a sensitive thinker with something more

than surface mockery in his composition? Are we seeing the real Coward who, looking back on the maelstrom of the years to make a popular pageant, has peered in a glass darkly and seen the light? Or is our Noel laughing up his sleeve all the time?

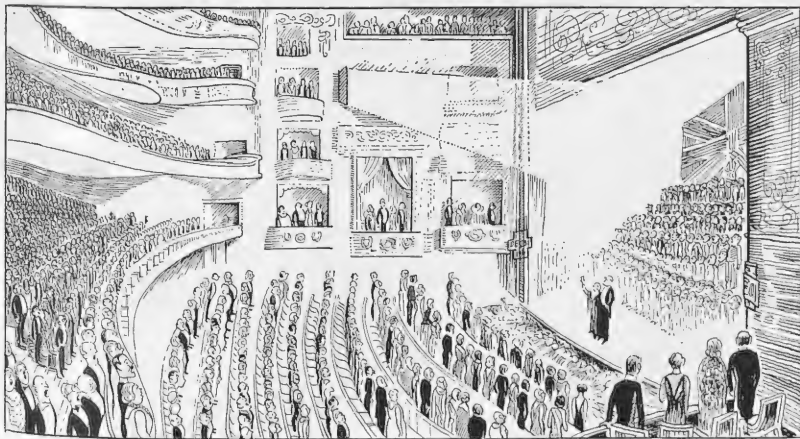
The Coward of *Bitter Sweet* is revealed in a scene where the young Edward Marryot celebrates his twenty-first in an overheated, red plush private-room with champagne and expansive chorus girls. Edward and I are contemporaries, and I beg leave to doubt the ladies. Surely the chorus girl phase was earlier than 1910? In 1911 Marryot, jun., was married, and drowned in the *Titanic* on his honeymoon. But were sensible parents like the Marryots in the habit of encouraging their sons to marry at so precocious an age?

The mingling of the Marryot destiny with that of their two married servants enable the



IN 1931

Mrs. Harris as a merry widow of to-day undaunted by the ravages of war and time



GRAND FINALE: "GOD SAVE THE KING"

THE MIDDLESEX WANDERERS F.C. DINNER



MR. W. D. KINNEAR, MR. J. BERESFORD, JR., AND MR. E. BARRY



MR. MONTY HOLBEIN



MR. JOE BINKS AND MR. W. G. GEORGE

The twenty-sixth anniversary dinner of the Middlesex Wanderers Rugby F.C. was held at the Monico and, as will be observed from the pictures in this little gallery, attracted celebrities from not only the Rugby world—the principal representative of which was Dr. Cove-Smith, the famous ex-captain of England and an Old Merchant Taylor. Mr. W. D. Kinnear and Mr. J. Beresford, Jr., are winners of the Olympic Sculls, 1912 and 1924 each to each—among many other triumphs (Diamonds in Beresford's case), and Mr. E. Barry is an ex-world's sculling champion (1920). Mr. Monty Holbein is the Channel swimmer; Mr. Joe Binks, the ex-one-mile running record holder, and Mr. W. G. George holds more running records than anyone in the world.

Photographs by Sasha



MR. E. BARRY



DR. R. COVE-SMITH



THE BRIDESMAID WHO WENT TO THE WRONG WEDDING

By Patrick Bellew



STORMING THE MOLE AT ZEEBRUGGE

Painted for the Royal Naval Engineering College

This is probably the most dramatic picture which the great artist of naval happenings ever painted, not excepting the great canvas of "Trafalgar," which has rivet it in the memories of the generations which are to come. Admiral Sir Roger Keyes commanded this great storming party in "Vindictive," "Intrepid," and "Thetis," the block-ships, and the obsolete submarine, "C 3," who did her bit blowing a large bit of the Mole sideways, all of which were on the adventure set out to do had been



GGE: ST. GEORGE'S DAY, 1918

Keyham, by the late W. L. Wyllie, R.A.

The Zeebrugge epic is an unquenchable story in sea history, and the late Mr. W. L. Wyllie's magnificent impression will for ever serve to 'who lay up alongside the Mole. The ferryboats, "Iris" and "Daffodil," carrying the storming and demolition parties, and "Iphigenia," bowd into this deathless story. Here we see only "Vindictive," and "Daffodil" who eventually towed her away after all that this great magnificently accomplished

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

ABDULLA BALLADS



JAMILA'S TENT SONG

The palm-trees in the moonlight gleam like silver by the singing stream,
 And from the sleeping gardens rise a hundred scents of Paradise.
 Farewell, my father's Palace halls—white balconies and turquoise walls!
 No clinging veil or gilded bars conceal me from the wind and stars.

Our tent is pitched on alien land and hung with rugs of Samarkand.
 Oh, Master, who hath set me free, I dedicate my life to thee!
 E'en as Abdulla's Smoke, unfurled, moves lightly through an airy world,
 With laughing hearts we two shall ride towards the dawn, by paths untried.

F. R. HOLMES.

VIRGINIA

TURKISH

EGYPTIAN

"STILLS" OF THE MOVIES



IN GERMANY: DITA PARLO



IN CALIFORNIA: MIRIAM HOPKINS



FROM ENGLAND: DOROTHY MACKAILL

Dita Parlo won her spurs in her own land, Germany; then Hollywood heard of her and, as is the custom of that factory of film stars, absorbed her—and now England is having her chance, and Dita Parlo is to be produced at Elstree. Miriam Hopkins, who is seen having a dose of hot sand and sunshine, had the distinction of being Maurice Chevalier's opposite number in his big film, "The Smiling Lieutenant"; and the moment she had finished that, someone else wanted her at very short notice to play a feature part in something else—so no wonder she wants an "easy" sometimes. Dorothy Mackaill, like Amy Johnson, is a Hull girl, and has, like many other Britishers, shown them the way round in Hollywood. She is seen doing it in the picture in beach pyjamas



"BUCKS" AT BRIGHTON

Left to right—Miss Renée Gadd, Mr. Harry Preston, Mrs. Preston, Mrs. H. J. Buckmaster, and Miss Phyllis Garton outside Cheeseman's noted Oyster Bar in Little East Street, which has been taken over by Captain Buckmaster of "Bucks" Club. Mr. Harry Preston needs no introduction to anyone who has ever heard of Brighton, his hospitality being famed both far and near. Miss Gadd is well known on the stage, and Mrs. Buckmaster was formerly Miss Nellie Taylor



Arthur Owen

ALSO AT PIDINGTON:
MR. ST. JOHN
HUTCHINSON

These three pictures were taken outside one of Sir John Dashwood's coverts in Buckinghamshire during a recent pheasant shoot. Commander Redmond McGrath, who used to feature successfully in competitive tennis, particularly on the Riviera, is a brother of Colonel Arthur McGrath. Mr. St. John Hutchinson, the well-known barrister, was called to the Bar in 1909, and last year was appointed Recorder of Hastings, after having been Recorder of Hythe



Arthur Owen

COMMANDER AND MRS. McGRATH
AT SIR JOHN DASHWOOD'S SHOOT

TAKEN AND OFFERED



Dalmain

A THREE BALL MATCH

Sir Francis Winnington, who is in the Welsh Guards, playing golf with Mr. John Drury-Lowe, Scots Guards, and Mrs. Drury-Lowe. Master Patrick Drury-Lowe made his appearance this summer, and his parents consider him the best baby ever seen, which is quite as it should be



Arthur Owen

LADY DASHWOOD AND LORD WIMBORNE

Lady Dashwood, formerly Miss Helen Moira Eaton, is the daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Vernon Eaton. Her husband, Sir John Dashwood, the Premier Baronet of Great Britain, owns West Wycombe Park in Bucks, and his pheasants are celebrated for high flying. Lord Wimborne was in Scotland till late on in the season shooting Perthshire grouse



LADY MELCHETT

Two new portraits of a distinctive figure in London Society. Unmoved by the quick changes in coiffures Lady Melchett remains faithful to the medieval page hair-cut, and it certainly suits her admirably. Few people work harder for good causes than she does, and the fact that charity balls have perforce been considerably thinned out this winter must be something of a relief to her. Her husband, who succeeded early this year not only to the title but to the chairmanship of Imperial Chemicals, is Joint Master of the Tedworth

Photographs by Peter North



IN "FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE" · MISS PEGGY CARTWRIGHT

Mr. H. F. Maltby's new play "with tunes" at the new Saville Theatre has got over, and according to all the visible signs will wish us all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Miss Peggy Cartwright co-operates with Mr. Bobby Howes in one of the best musical numbers in the play, "Got a Date With An Angel," and there are many others. But the play itself is good and amusing

TWO golfers, playing an important match, were annoyed by a slow couple in front of them. At one hole there was a particularly long wait. One of the offending couples dawdled on the fairway, while his companion searched industriously in the rough.

At length the waiting couple on the tee could contain their impatience no longer.

"Why don't you help him to find his ball?" one shouted indignantly.

"Oh, he's got his ball," the man replied blandly. "He's looking for his club!"

A woman was having the top room of her house painted, and was under the impression that the painter was not making the progress he might. Listening at the foot of the stairs she couldn't hear a sound.

"Painter," she shouted, "are you working?"

"Yes, ma'am," came the reply.

"I can't hear you."

"I'm not putting it on with a hammer."

TWO sweet young things were discussing a member of the stronger sex.

"How do you find his conversation?" asked one.

"Like the waves of the sea," came the reply, briefly, from the other.

"Ah! You mean you find it rolling, irresistible, vital——?"

"No, it makes me sick."

THE kindly motorist pulled up beside the stranded car.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Can I be of any use?"

"Matter?" echoed the disconsolate one. "The man I bought this car off is a faith-healer—and there aren't any tools in the tool-box!"

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

THE traffic policeman signalled to the motorist to stop. "What's the idea?" asked the driver, angrily. "What have you stopped me for?"

"Dangerous driving," the constable informed him.

"Dangerous driving!" The motorist laughed, hollowly. "Why, I'm an experienced driver. What I know about driving would fill a book."

"Maybe," said the constable, equal to the occasion.

"But what you don't know would fill a hospital."

A negro woman called regularly at a bank to draw her weekly pay. As she could neither read nor write she used to make an X on the receipt. Then one day she made a circle.

"What's the matter, Liza? Why don't you make an X as usual?" asked the cashier.

"Well, sar," replied Liza, "ah, done got married yesterday and changed ma name."

"Just fancy, granny," said the sweet young thing, "I had my second flying lesson to-day, and it won't be long before I shall be fully qualified. Isn't it wonderful? Then I shall be able to take you down to the seaside in my aeroplane."

"You won't do anything of the kind," said her grand-mother, grimly. "When I want to go to the seaside I'll go by train, like Providence intended us to."

THE school teacher was explaining the meaning of the word "collision."

"A collision," he said, "occurs when two bodies come together unexpectedly. Now, will one of you give me an example of a collision?"

"Please, sir," piped one small child, "twins."



IN "VIKTORIA AND HER HUSSAR": MISS GINA MALO

Although there were a few changes in the caste of "Viktoria and Her Hussar" at the Palace last week, Miss Gina Malo carries on in the soubrette part. She has a new opposite number in Mr. Blake Adams vice Mr. Reginald Purdell, and Mr. Harry Welchman is now turned into the Hussar, for which obviously he is well suited, and Miss Breen is his new Viktoria



"Coordinate your face with the new colours and they're yours"

says

Elizabeth Arden



• Elizabeth Arden's Lipstick Ensemble contains six lipsticks . . . Chariot . . . Printemps . . . Victoire . . . Coquette . . . Viola . . . Carmenita . . . one to harmonize with every costume. They are petal-smooth, really indelible, exquisitely tinted. The Ensemble is 32/6. Individual Lipsticks are 6/6

RODIER says: "Purple is a lovely colour and is becoming to blonde and brunette alike"

WOMAN says: "But it makes me look so old!"

ELIZABETH ARDEN says: "Not if you use the correct make-up with it. I have a dark Violet Eye Sha-Do which gives blondes a mysterious charm. Combined with Light Rosetta Rouge, Lysetta Powder, my lovely new Chariot Lipstick and Black Mascara, purple is a triumphant colour for blondes. If you have dark brown hair, you can wear purple successfully with these make-up accessories: Dark Rosetta Rouge dusted with Mat Foncé Powder; Coquette Lipstick, Bronze Eye Sha-Do and Black Mascara"

RODIER says: "All black, all white, and black and white combined are always in good taste"

WOMAN says: "But I am too pale for white, black robs me of what colour I have, and the combination is even more difficult"

ELIZABETH ARDEN says: "With your black hair you can look simply divine in white, in black, and in black and white. The same make-up applies to all of them, for you. Blush Rose Rouge, it must be, dusted with Ardena Powder, accented with Victoire Lipstick. Dab Vert Bleu Eye Sha-Do on your eyelids and accentuate your lashes with Black Mascara. Was I not right?"

RODIER says: "Cool pastels are for gaiety . . . they are the shades of the evening"

WOMAN says: "I'd love to wear them but they leave me meaningless—out of the picture"

ELIZABETH ARDEN says: "A woman of your enchanting bloneness can really wear light pastels beautifully, if these make-up directions are followed: Use Light Amoretta Rouge, Ardena Powder, and Printemps Lipstick. Azur Eye Sha-Do and Black Mascara will give your eyes an irresistible warmth and beauty"

RODIER says: "Pastels in warm tones are winning colours this season"

WOMAN says: "How can I look winsome in them?"

ELIZABETH ARDEN replies: "Your brown hair and rather dark skin call for quite a warm make-up with warm pastels. Light Rosetta Rouge accompanied by Banana Powder and Chariot Lipstick will be very fetching. As for your eyes, Light Brown Eye Sha-Do and Dark Brown Mascara will give them added depth"

* * *

Would you like a colour book that tells you exactly which lipstick to use and exactly what make-up accessories harmonize with each new autumn colour? Write to Miss Arden, 25 Old Bond Street, London, and the Colour Harmony Book will be sent to you

ELIZABETH ARDEN

25 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

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WITH THE LOUTH HOUNDS AT HILLTOWN

Pool, Dublin

An interesting group, which includes the M.F.H., taken when these hounds had their second fixture of the season at Hilltown, Captain and Mrs. Edward Boylan's house near Drogheda. Captain Filgate has had the Louth since 1916, and his father-in-law had them from 1860 to 1916. Captain Filgate's name was formerly Henry, but he changed it on the death of his father-in-law to preserve continuity. The names in this group, left to right, are: The three in front row—Miss Pamela Holland, Captain R. A. B. Filgate, M.F.H., and the Hon. Mrs. Tristram Massy; back row—Miss Coddington, Lieut.-Colonel Simonds (Scinde Horse), Colonel Cairnes, Mrs. Holland, Captain Edward Boylan, D.S.O. (partly hidden), Major J. Hume-Dudgeon, Mrs. Simonds, Mrs. Coddington, and Colonel Curel.

LIKE the man of whom it was said that he "enjoyed indifferent health," we find quite as many people who are afraid, now that there is a bumper majority, as there were when the one fear was that we might not get a big enough one to make it possible for anything to be done without the Other Fellow's consent. To the mere Man in the Street this is not understandable! Reducing it to terms which are perhaps more popular: ought not even a thing called a "chalk jockey" to be able to win on such a good horse as This England with such a tremendous pull in the weights? Surely all that even the world's worst coachman has got to do is to sit still on him and not pull him about at his fences? This steed can jump a far bigger lot of obstacles than those in front if he is given the fair chance he deserves. But why should anyone presume that we have got a bad jockey up? Probably we have something of the Roddy Owen, Arthur Nightingall, Jack Anthony class—someone of whom it is always safe to say, "He's good enough to win if the horse is good enough!" No one can come without the horse. This time there is no question of that. This one's a flier with eyes in his feet and a fifth leg to spare; just leave it to him, no need to ware! Let's look over the tops of the fences and not at the roots!

Now that the cheering of the victors and the yowling of the slain are over, and the captains and the kings have not departed, and there stands the enduring monument of English Guts, the same monument which stood in March, 1918, and was buttressed up by what the great builders did in the autumn of that year; now that certain persons have been disappointed in their aspirations which soared to emulating the wolf and the carrion crow, whose chiefest delight, after all the derry of war is down and there's no real danger, is to tear the flesh of captains and peck the eyes of kings—why not spare a moment or two to acquire an entirely new face? It is quite easy, according to what I read in the columns attended to by the experts on this kind of thing. I am not speaking of the operation of having the face "lifted" or entirely suspended, but of something quite different. Who is there amongst us, certainly of my sex, who can be entirely pleased with what he sees in his shaving-glass of a morning?

Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

So why not, now that we are assured that our motto can be *Nil desperandum Teucro duce et auspice Teucro*, have a go and try not to look like the back of a four-wheel brake mo-car? For instance, we are advised by our expert to "begin by dressing the hair differently." It is said, "a middle parting may give you an entirely different mental outlook." Then I am attracted by this little tip:

Dye your hair if you are tired of it. Why not? Hairdressers are so clever, and so discreet.

But—and this disguise I am sure should interest even smash and grab raiders—

Buy some mauve and green powder (you can get sixpenny sample sizes) and experiment. At a West-End beauty parlour they are making up their brunette clients with mauve rouge and powder and a plum-coloured lipstick. You need very beautiful white teeth for these new purple-tinted lipsticks, otherwise they look yellow. If you are fair try pale green powder, coral rouge, and baby-red lipstick. Wear a beauty spot if you know how to keep one on—only, whatever you do, look different!

All this bother at the hustings being over and people having ceased to be overwhelmed by the exuberance of their own verbosity, I think some of us ought to try to make some use of these few little well-meant wrinkles. So many of us are in need of some other kind of face, and it is surely up to us to try and acquire it—now that we have a bit of time to ourselves?

The following little yarn about an interesting bear-shoot in one of the Kashmir valleys has been sent me by the actual operator, an enterprising subaltern whose name must be suppressed because the forest rules of Kashmir forbid bears being shot after dark—as

(Continued on p. xii)



Frank O'Brien

LORD WILLIAM BERESFORD WITH THE U.H.C.

The United's country is next door to the West Waterford and the Duhallow, and practically next door to the Waterford, which is Lord William Beresford's home pack, as his brother, the Marquess of Waterford, is Joint Master. The former Lord Bill was the very devil himself to go. His sobriquet was "Fighting Bill." He got the V.C. in Zululand for a very gallant act.

A Sane Lunch Party

(Many Guinness Times removed from Lewis Carroll)



"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you'd only have to whisper a hint to him, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! One o'clock—

GUINNESS TIME

("I only wish it was," the March Hare said to itself in a whisper, "I'm simply longing for a Guinness.")

G.E. 171



THE LONDON WELSH XV.

R. S. Crisp

The team which so decisively put it across Cardiff in the recent encounter at Herne Hill, the final tally being 14 points to love. The names in this group, left to right, are: (back) E. W. Evans Evans, Ray Thomas, E. Martin, F. Instone, D. Bowen-Jones, W. A. V. Thomas, T. J. Davies, R. S. Lewis, and H. L. Hollis (referee); (in front) R. Ellis, W. Barrett, M. H. Evans, A. H. Jones (captain), W. C. Powell, R. V. Howell, and S. L. Jones

A MONTH to-day the 'Varsity match will be over, and the Universities' Rugby season will be practically at an end. Some day, of course, the great game will be transferred to the Lent term, and everybody will wonder how it was that the present absurd arrangement lasted so long. It is just like the Queen's Club question over again. Everyone said that it was quite impossible for the 'Varsities to leave Queen's, and it was only at very long last that common sense prevailed. Rugby reforms are always slow in maturing, but they generally come along in the end.

It would puzzle anybody at the moment of writing to give due and sufficient reason why either Oxford or Cambridge should be considered favourites for the match on December 8. Both captains have had to do a lot of experimenting, and both teams have had a good many men injured at various times. Probably neither side is above average strength, and there are no outstanding personalities on either side, with the possible exception of that rather unappreciated wing, R. W. Smeddle. The old Durham boy at his best is at least the equal of any man in England, and has most of the qualities of a really great player.

They say he is temperamental, and that may be true, but I would rather call him unlucky. He was within an inch or two of scoring for England at Murrayfield two years ago after a brilliant run. Last December, in the 'Varsity match, he was the victim of a perfectly ridiculous decision when he was penalized for lying on the ball, and W. E. Henley kicked a splendid goal which saved the match for Oxford. The Cantabs' wrathful disgust was obvious enough, and no wonder. Last season, too, he was out of favour with the selectors, and did not play for England until the match with France. He may be more fortunate this year with a rather more discerning body than those responsible for the calamities of last season.

New Zealand had two representatives in the Oxford side last season, and whilst W. E. Henley played quite a good forward game and was one of the successes of the side, the same cannot be said of P. C. Minns, late of Auckland University. As a right wing three-quarter he seemed short of pace, and he amazed everybody by not scoring in the first half when he was presented with a clear run for the line. It is pleasant hearing for the supporters of Oxford that he has found more speed this year and is altogether showing much better form, the reason probably being that he has now become inured to Oxford's rather peculiar climate.

Probably the same cause will account for the decided improvement displayed by the Dark Blue scrum half, N. K. Lampport, who hails from Sydney

A Rugby Letter

By "HARLEQUIN"

University. Last year he was so slow that many wondered how he had got into the side at all, but he is now yards faster and playing an altogether different game. All of which is very much to the advantage of the Dark Blues, who will, one hopes, give the South Africans a good game to-morrow, November 12.

Those very popular tourists must have heaved sighs of relief when their first visit to Scotland was over, for they were very nearly defeated at Melrose. Certainly they ought to have kicked enough penalty goals to have won easily, but, on the other hand, the Scots were once or twice desperately near scoring.

It was the Border forwards that caused the trouble, of course; there are generally necks for sale when they cut loose, and this they did with a vengeance against the South Africans. It is true that the captain of the visitors, B. Osler, was not playing owing to injury, but there are many who believe that M. G. Francis, who took his place, is at least his equal all round, and certainly his superior in defence.

The lesson to be learnt from this match has already been expounded by those who watch Rugby with open eyes and unprejudiced minds. Any team that wishes to make a good show against the South Africans must select a strong, heavy, and active pack—men who can give and take plenty of heavy work, and who spare themselves not at all. It is not every club or county that has eight such men available, and, of course, most of the teams that meet the South Africans are very much of the scratch variety. But the Borders can always produce forwards of this type, though the Scottish selectors do not invariably appreciate their merits.

The South African pack is an excellent one, perhaps a little deficient in clever foot-work but admirable in all other respects. When the tourists are beaten, and I hardly expect to see them preserve a clean sheet, it will be because their forwards are first held. For outside, though they have two splendid full-backs available, and two excellent wings, they are by no means so formidable. The halves work very hard, but we have seen better, and their centres are by no means impressive. The one all-important point in their favour is that they are a team working splendidly together, and few indeed of their opponents can claim to be that.



THE CARDIFF RUGBY XV.

R. S. Crisp

The recent expedition to Herne Hill to meet the London Welsh was a disaster, as the side was beaten 14-0. In this group, left to right, are: (back) E. Noel Morgan, S. C. Craves, L. Spencer, H. C. Bushrod, D. Carne, S. Joyce, D. Brown, D. Flynn, and J. Thomas (touch judge); (in front) J. T. Schofield, G. V. Wynne-Jones, H. Poole, R. Gabe Jones (captain), G. James, H. Johnson, and C. Cameron



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"Planning the New Expedition" by A. D. M. Cormick, R.I.

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From the Shires and Provinces

From Leicestershire

The pace with which the opening meet comes round, not only the very young or super-keen, is positively terrifying. Here we are pulling out our pink coats and our best habits hoping they don't look as old as we know them to be! Waves of depression have been sumping the hunting world, and a short time ago, three of the richest packs in England were discussing how they'd hunt? Almost if they'd hunt. I'm thankful to say, however, one who is ever associated in our mind with the roast beef of old England showed the English spirit in the way also associated with the aforesaid roast beef, and nipped all that nonsense in the bud by saying: "He had every intention of carrying on just as usual, and if we failed to Budget it was time to worry!" Long live the Baron de Boeuf! Meanwhile cubbing fields have been larger than ever, possibly owing to the example set by the new Cottesmore Master (and closely followed by at least two of his neighbours) of running all over the country since middle August. The result has been at least exciting for man and horse, and has made a quite unusual number of cubs cry "capevi." The last days cubbing with the Quorn, although scentless, provided much mirth in the way of minor accidents, especially when a shining light from Warwickshire was bucked off. I may add this gentleman is probably one of the strongest riders at all times in England, so the lesser stars were full of glce.

Reverting to economy, an odious subject ridden to death, it is strange the forms it takes. I know one man who has twenty horses and swears at his wife's extravagance for having candles on her dinner-table! The Cottesmore have put off their opening meet for a week, and our sympathy is with Mrs. Hilton-Green over the grave illness of her son, of whom we hope we shall hear better reports before this letter goes to press.

The Quorn, God bless them, met with their usual splendour on Monday at Kirby Gate. One lady was heard to say the ritual and tradition of Kirby Gate gave her the same kick as a Pagan sacrifice. We can only imagine Pagan sacrifices are a hidden vice practised by what "Victor" calls indiscriminately "simpering débutantes."

A rotten, scentless day, and it was all the more credit to George for killing a fox. Many people underestimate this young huntsman owing to his having started his career in the Shires, following an excellent precedent, as I believe I'm right in saying Tom Firr did the same thing. Incidentally, George Barker killed more foxes on the Forest side last year than have been killed in a season since Tom Firr's days.

One lady assures me Chatty is a better huntsman than Tom Firr or Freeman. Having never hunted with the former, and considering the latter a genius I cannot judge, but my informant is a very capable judge, as she frequently settles knotty questions not only for Masters of hounds, but for potential field-masters, eminent trainers, etc., etc. Certainly Chatty shows marvellous sport.

From the Fernie

With a record cubbing season concluded (the number of foxes killed let us not mention), the Fernie commence the regular under auspicious conditions. We are fortunate to have our Joint Masters, Colonel Sir Harold Werner and Mr. A. C. Edmonstone, again in command, and with Peaker and his peerless pack, and plenty of foxes to boot, sport should proceed merrily. The crucial times have hit many hard, but still the covertsides finds the field as of yore. Several new comers have taken up residence,

and with wire at a minimum, followers may look forward to some good hunting. These last cubbing mornings have been a sheer delight, the belated summer weather making living a joy. Accidents, however, will happen. Lord Beatty and Lady Dorothy Fraser have both met bad luck.



THE QUORN: MAJOR A. E. BURNABY, M.F.H., AND MRS. BURNABY

At the historic fixture at Kirby Gate, where the field and the gallery were both up to sample in quality and quantity. Major A. E. Burnaby is the senior Master with Sir Harold Nutting as his partner again this season

From the York and Ainsty

After such a miserable summer, it's a relief to be out with hounds again, and though scent has been far from good, both the North and South packs have accounted for numerous cubs; by the time this appears in print, both will have opened their regular season. Here are a few stray items of news, which we may number for the sake of clearness:

- (1) The Master of the North having gone on his honeymoon leaves Hughie as viceroy, or shall we say, *chargé d'affaires*, in that area.
- (2) Charles having acquired a most excellent motor horse-box, will ply for hire at very reasonable fares. Speed, safety, and comfort. No more long hacks on hard tarmacs.

(3) A new ferry-boat at Naburn has been provided by the subscriptions of public-spirited people, who have rallied to the slogan of "Ferry before Party."

(4) Dringhouses Dick has added to his bevy of maidens, but there may be still a few vacancies. Special tuition given over the rails near Kennel Wood. State whether astride or aside.

(5) Our neighbours on the west have increased their taxation, but we don't know whether they are making any cuts in their social services.

From Lincolnshire

By the time these notes are published most of the county packs will have inaugurated the regular season. Everywhere the prospects are good. Cubbing days have revealed the presence of plenty of foxes and more than an average number have been killed. But the one "fly in the ointment" at the moment is that the going is too dry. Indeed, it is as hard as a brick, and to attempt to gallop in the open would almost certainly court disaster. One or two cubbing fixtures had to go by the board. Rain, therefore, is a great desideratum and may it fall in sufficient volume before the ball is actually set a-rolling. The Brocklesby, Blankney, Southwold, and Burton have all had a good time among the baby foxes, in spite of indifferent scenting conditions, recently. In the Burton country, especially, the show of hunting material—disappointing last season—has immensely improved.



THE GROVE: LORD AND LADY GALWAY

At the opening meet at Serlby Hall, Notts, last week. The late Lord Galway, Master from 1876 to 1907, died in March of this year and succeeded his father, who was Master from 1858-76, and also before that for one season, 1845-46



The Thorndon Park team, winners of "The Star" inter-club scratch tournament. In front: Miss Joy Winn, Mrs. Percy Garon, and Miss Gill Rudgard. Back row: Mrs. Claud Howard, (captain), Mrs. A. B. Floyd, and Mrs. R. Garrett

THERE are two sets of inter-club finals which annually raise storms of club fervour at this time of year, the Pearson Trophy and "The Star." The Pearson Trophy is played for under handicap, and those handicaps all have to exceed twelve; "The Star" finals are a scratch affair and therefore like to think themselves immensely superior. Perhaps they are; "The Star" tournament has been one of the very best of fixtures for the last nine years,



The Hon. Ursula Vivian (left) with Miss E. Asbrey, whom she defeated 6 and 4 in the final of the Bulth Wells annual tournament, thus winning the D. F. H. Williams Rose Bowl

EVE AT GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME

but they have no monopoly of fighting determination, and Eltham Warren, Coombe Wood, Old Fold Manor, and Hadley Wood fought tooth and nail at Porters Park before Eltham Warren got home by 5 to 2 in the Pearson Trophy final from Coombe Wood. Brand new to the final were those winners, so it was a great event.

Thorndon Park, too, stepped straight from obscurity to top place in "The Star," and if only the side had all been able to claim some sort of previous connection with the club, something to identify them with its locality, their win would have been a great triumph. But as it was, if the horrid truth be told, there was a good deal of sympathy with poor West Hill, who were runners up for the fifth time—courageous, persistent, indomitable, *esprit-de-corp*, those were the sort of names folk called them, and then proceeded to tot up how many strokes they would each have received if they had been playing on handicap. West Hill are, in fact, the little darlings of the tournament, who make a habit of beating opponents they have no business to beat and dying gloriously and heroically, fighting against tremendous odds in the final. Unfortunately they seem to be a team apt to tire in the



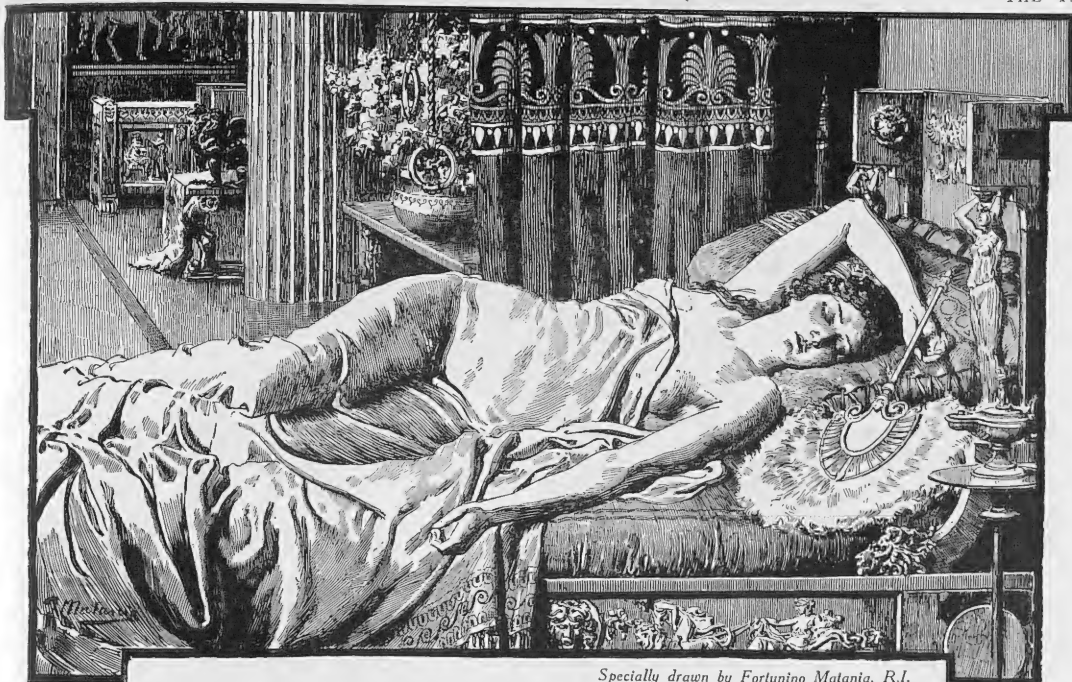
Runners-up in "The Star" finals at Wentworth: The West Hill team and reserves. In front—Mrs. Collis-Browne, Mrs. Kennedy, and Miss Julia Hill; back row—Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. Bristowe, Mrs. Turner Bell, and Mrs. Crombie

second round of the day, and the weather for the finals this year was enough to try the stoutest heart.

It was fine and warm; but mercy, how it blew! Wentworth is not one of the more exposed courses of Surrey, but even so there were clouds of sand blowing out of the bunkers, just as if it were an equinoctial day at the seaside, whilst leaves were coming down in shoals, dancing fantastic whirligigs on the green and tempting even serious-minded spectators to chase them in superstitious hope that the November Handicap sweep or something just as good might come their way, if they could but catch a leaf as it fell. Putting was a devastating experience, particularly on the 2nd green, which seemed to catch the full fury of the gale, but the greens were so perfect that three putts were a rare exception; in fact, the standard of golf was indisputably high. Mr. de Montmorency, who was watching, who presented the prizes, and who is responsible for running the men's "Star" Tournament—three qualifications for knowing a good thing when he sees it—said so very emphatically, and spoke of approximate scores done that day which would have made even the revised par look foolish.

In the morning Walton Heath and Thorndon Park met, the chief impressions resulting being that if you really want to improve your golf, especially in the length department, it is apparently necessary to be a granny, and that if Mrs. Knight had chosen to go in for competition golf of the fiercer kind she would have been as ferocious a tiger as anybody. Instead she only appears occasionally (so that Walton Heath are told they hide their Knight under a bushel), takes famous opponents all unawares, and defeats them by sheer excellence of golf. And as for ferocity, nobody was gayer than the

(Continued on p. xvi)



Specially drawn by Fortunino Malanta, R.I.

Famous Beauties in Repose Helen of Troy

IMMORTAL HELEN—so fair that her beauty has been like a song down the ages—how did she preserve the loveliness of the face “that launch’d a thousand ships”? Of one thing we can be sure. She knew the manifold advantages of natural and regular sleep. For true beauty is born of perfect health, and without natural sleep good health is undermined and beauty fades and dies.

To-day, when life moves at a quicker pace, the soothing balm of sleep is even more necessary. Overwrought nerves and loss of vitality are the penalty of sleepless nights.

Sound, regular sleep cannot be attained unless the tired nervous system is soothed and restored before you retire to bed. Some form of light restorative nourishment should be taken at bedtime, so that digestive unrest may be allayed and the nervous tension of the day relieved.

Make a rule to take a cup of “Ovaltine” every night at bedtime. The sound sleep which follows will repair the effects of the day’s wear and tear on your system.

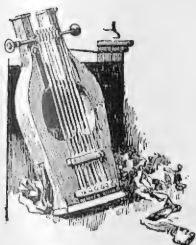
While you sleep the rich nourishment extracted from ripe barley malt, creamy milk and new-laid eggs will renew your nervous vigour and rebuild your bodily strength. You will awake with the happy consciousness of new vitality and abounding good health—ready for all that the coming day may bring.

Remember, there is only one “Ovaltine”—there is nothing to equal it and nothing “just as good.”

‘OVALTINE’

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G. W. Day

WITH THE BUCCLEUCH: LADY MIDDLETON AND HER CHILDREN

Taken on the day when the Buccleuch hounds met at Eildon Hall, the seat of the Junior Master, the Earl of Dalkeith. The house is on the Eildon Hills, which are supposed to have been concocted by no less a person than the Devil to the order of Michael Scott the Magician!

because skill at the starting handle is much more valuable than brute force. In the circumstances I take it as a great compliment that the appeal comes to me. I need hardly say that the moment a refractory car is mentioned I can quote a most urgent business appointment . . . indeed, my car is at the door with the engine running. Now of British electrical installations, barring one make, I have no high opinion. I will go so far as to say that some of the stuff we make in this most important department of car-building enterprise is—well—unworthy. Good enough for the Midlands and the South, but not at all adequate to the frigid North. And how it would behave under the conditions that many transatlantic cars have to face I really don't know. I beg your pardon; I *do* know. But it isn't always the starter affair that goes wrong. Last night, as ever was, I was taking my modest pint at a classic hostelry, when the cool air brought to mine ears the wum-wum-wum-wum of the plucky, but stupefied, starting motor. No doubt about that thing having some current behind it. Why, it was so full of beans and beef that it would have taken the car for miles! But still, I mean to say, it was late, and all that sort o' thing, don't yer know, and I was feeling remarkably charitable, and I was quite ready to bet that the ignition wasn't switched on. Good thing I didn't. I went outside and (this is increasingly rare) proffered my services. I generally do this before the battery has been quite run down. Edwin had been economizing on cheap "petrol"—a most ridiculous thing to do at this time of year, though I think it is pretty silly at any season. A cup full of good stuff for the float-chamber was indicated, and I was ready enough to

Petrol Vapour : w. G. ASTON

By

This Starting Business.

NOW is the winter of our discontent about starting motor-cars in the morning. "Blister my kidneys," quoth the immortal Mr. Jorrocks, "the dahlias are dead. It is a frost!" Why my near, dear, and distant neighbours alike should think that I could wave a magic wand and cause their engines to shoot I do not know, unless, maybe, it is

spare this from my own Auto-Vac. As usual, this meant borrowing a hair-pin to poke the muck out of the tap; the running of half a pint of rusty water, and the loss of indifferent spirits down my fore-arm, the ruination of a perfectly good shirt, and all the rest of it. It is a fact that I much regret that I do not know a single motor-car from the tank of which a drop or two of clean petrol can be easily drawn. There may be twenty gallons of it—but you cannot even fill your lighter. Euclid's apothegm applies here. Well, the long and short of it was that the moment this refractory engine got a sniff at the kind of drink it liked it went off like a volcano (literally, for by this time it was a trifle oily), and whilst it roared I endeavoured to give my hugely grateful acquaintance a homily upon the folly of buying "Guaranteed No. 1" as a means of grace. There is something in Holy Writ about giving a man a sound vintage to start with and going on afterwards to something indifferent. So it worked out all right. But we had been in the depths of the country and, as I drove home, all glowing with the scoutish feeling, I could not but think—lucky for him there was somebody by with the veritable juice. Dear, dear, dear! Why do people buy this poisonous ullage? A good rule is: If it won't work in your lighter it won't work in your car.



CAPTAIN A. G. MILLER

The famous racing motorist, who is leaving early in December for Buenos Aires to represent Great Britain in various racing events. Captain Miller recently won his class in the 500 miles race at Brooklands.

Quo Bono.

I am a tiger on fireworks. I like to look at them, handle them, and contemplate their possibilities. I like to let them off so much that when I buy them for the kiddies delectation I choose

only those which must be handled with the most extreme care. I am a hog on pyrotechnics. Which is the more heady, the stench of them or the explosion I cannot say, but after a "bonfire night" I have been wont to pick up a spent rocket case or mayhap that of a roman candle and linger upon its perfume as lovingly as a connoisseur over his cigar or the vintage lover (lucky man) over his Lanson. Lacking the busted paper case I would derive much pleasure from the sooted rocket stick. There is a savour about these things quite unobtainable elsewhere. Of all this I am reminded by reading that a huge bonfire (all over and done with by now) is to be reinforced by 200 gallons of waste lubricating oil. It will have had to be the deuce of a bonfire and all, for less flammable stuff than this I do not know. In a smaller conflagration two years syne I essayed to combust only twenty gallons of the stuff and the results were quite pathetic. In the first place, they nearly extinguished a sprightly fire. And in the second place . . . well, it was a gusty night, the feckless wind coming one way and another, and boxing the compass. And when the old oil did catch it took hold with a lurid, dull, red, volcanic flame, accompanied by volumes of impenetrably thick, black



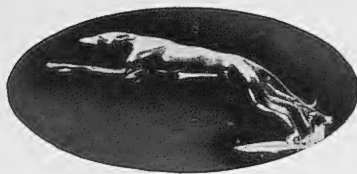
Sasha

AT THE HALLOWE'EN BALL: MR. AND MRS. CEDRIC HARDWICKE

The famous actor, who has added great lustre to his reputation by his playing of Browning in that wonderful success, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," at the Queen's Theatre. Mrs. Cedric Hardwicke is, on the stage, Miss Helena Pickard. The Hallowe'en Ball was held at Covent Garden in aid of the University College Hospital

(Continued on p. 33)

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



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THE SACRIFICE

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

"WOMEN are cats." It is the prerogative of attractive women to criticize mere women. The speaker had black hair, red lips, white slim hands, and supple wrists; all the apparatus and technique of attraction were hers. "They may purr for men, but they have nothing but claws for one another," she amplified her platitude complacently.

"Their scratches may be defensive. They are not all piratical like you, you know." He was a man of slow, measured speech and greying hair. His cigars were large and fragrant, his attitude to life balanced and assured.

They were sitting on a terrace overlooking a blue sea in a sunny, indolent place where people are inclined to be confidential and English, who in England would be distant and cosmopolitan. The time was just after the midday meal and before the siesta: a reflective, impersonal interval.

"You must admit that all women are competitive," said the lady of many attractions. "What I complain of is that they don't fight fair. You can't teach a woman to behave like a gentleman—as someone anticipated me by saying."

"I once knew a woman who was a good sort," he stared with screwed-up eyes at the glittering sea. The woman realized that a reminiscent narrative was threatening.

"Golf handicap four, shoe size eight, the downright manner, and the painful hand clasp—I know!" she commented discouragingly.

"No!" he crossed his legs and looked at the end of his cigar.

The woman sighed and slid into a more comfortable position in her chair. Women know when a man is determined to tell a story; happily men do not know whether their interlocutor is attentive.

"Well?" she questioned listlessly.

"She was fair and young and very pretty. She had a tender mouth and dreamy blue eyes."

"Oh," said the dark woman, "that type!"

"She loved men and she loved conquest."

"Naturally."

"She was in a place where there were few opportunities for amusement, and no men whom she had not already—er—conquered."

"Poor dear!"

"Then there came on the scene a new man, fresh from England, neither his enthusiasms nor his complexion burned up by the tropics."

"Oh, yes, I know. Immaculately dressed, perfectly polished old brown shoes, with ideals about women and the Union Jack. The women novelists have made one perfectly familiar with the species."

"She had not investigated his ideals, but she found his appearance perfectly satisfactory," he assured her drily. "She arranged for her husband, who held an official position, to invite the newcomer to dinner."

His companion had resented the subject and its blonde heroine, but she scented intrigue and sat forward a little.

"Go on," she said with a slight access of interest.

"She made her preparations, and told her maid that she would wear her prettiest and newest dress that evening. She invited one other woman."

"To take charge of the husband?"

"Possibly, but chiefly to act as a foil; she had acted in that capacity before."

"You said your lady was a good sort. She sounds to me just like other women."

"Wait a little. She dressed very carefully, adding to her natural beauty with rouge and powder, paying special attention to the darkening of her long curling lashes; this was important because she was so fair," he smiled slightly. "When she was ready she stood for a long time in front of the looking-glass gazing at herself with complete approbation."

"It is a satisfying moment," confessed his listener.

"The woman friend arrived early and was shown up to her bedroom. She looked particularly unattractive. Her skin was sallow, her dress was shabby; she had not taken much trouble with her lank hair. They stood side by side before the long glass and the radiant little hostess saw herself, as she would appear to the man, exquisite, soignée, redolent of all feminine charm; and beside her the other woman, representing all other women, dowdy and insignificant—the necessary contrast to give value to her attractiveness. She was fairly certain, informed by experience, that this evening would mark the beginning of another amusing episode."

"Captain Goldie, the new Commissioner, is coming to dinner to-night," she casually told her friend. The effect of the announcement was a trifle disconcerting. The older woman clasped her hands and beamed upon Cynthia—we may as well call her Cynthia.

"How sweet of you to ask me to meet him!" she exclaimed. "I saw him playing tennis to-day. He looks charming. I hear that he is unmarried and well-off. I don't know why, but I have felt so excited all day. Almost as if something was going to happen. Of course you couldn't understand, darling. You have everything—a husband, a home, plenty of money. But I have nothing. It would be so wonderful if—if a man like that should fall in love with me. . . ."

"Suddenly, impulsively, Cynthia decided to make a sacrifice. 'You can't do yourself justice in that dress,' she said. 'This one would suit you. You shall wear it,' and she started to take off her newest dress of orchid mauve and silver. The other woman was naturally affected. She protested. But the temptation was too great. She almost cried over Cynthia's generosity. She kissed her. Cynthia did not care much for women's kisses, but she liked the appreciation of her sacrifice."

The listener sniffed: "I think she was merely a rather foolishly emotional creature. That sort of thing is a kind of self-indulgence."

"Perhaps. . . ." He smoked reflectively. "She became quite excited about the transformation she was effecting. She arranged her friend's hair becomingly; she rouged and powdered her face and made up her eyelashes as carefully as she had done her own, and she sprayed her with some scent she had just received from Paris. Further, she took off her own make-up and when they went downstairs Cynthia's nose was slightly shiny, her lips pale, and she was wearing an old black frock."

"Good Lord! I should say she was a good sort!" said the attractive woman, sarcastically. "Greater love has no woman than this, that she lay down her powder-puff for her friend!"

"The two women were late for dinner and their appearance was startling for the two men—particularly for Cynthia's husband."

"I can imagine it. And what happened? Was the performance a success? Was the victim suitably impressed? Did he dutifully fall in love with the metamorphosed friend?"

"No," said the man with the cigar, slowly. "He hated make-up, scent, and fal-de-rals, and was charmed by Cynthia's simplicity. About two months later they ran away together."

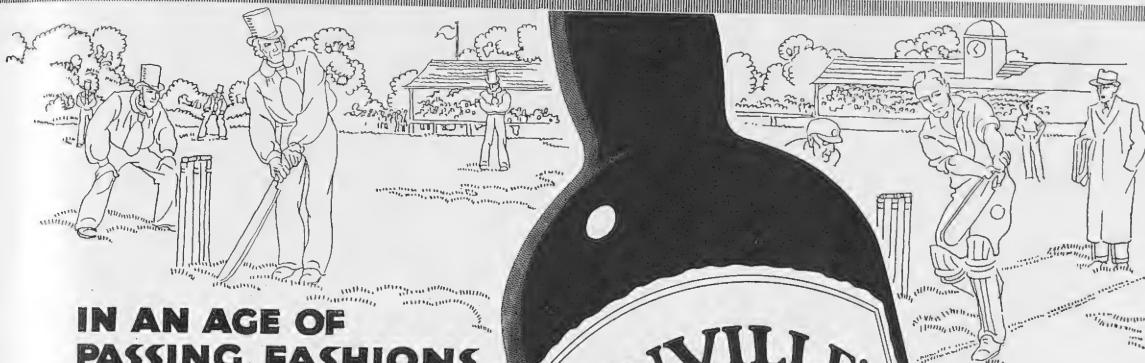
"It's a good story," said the woman with the black hair and red lips and other things, "but, of course, you made it up. You never really knew the woman whom you call a good sort. She is a typically masculine invention."

"On the contrary. I knew her very well."

"Then you made up the details, and you tell the story quite well. The scene between the two women and what happened in the bedroom was almost convincing."

"I happened to overhear the conversation and to see most of what happened. I was in my dressing-room and the door was ajar. You see I was married to Cynthia at the time. She was really quite a good sort."

AN ALTERATION WITHOUT A CHANGE



IN AN AGE OF PASSING FASHIONS

It is a far cry from to-day's Test players to the top-hatted stalwarts of the past. But their appearance is the only thing that has altered. They were as keen and as enthusiastic in those days as in these.

To-day, you will notice on your bottle of Dunville's a label of different design. The old label, like those queer "drain-pipe" hats, pleased the tastes of a bygone era (for Dunville's, you will remember, has been before the public for well over a century!) But the new label—less ornate, more in keeping with to-day's tastes—serves precisely the same purpose as the old... it announces at a glance... your favourite Irish Whisky. We show you here our new design, with this intention...



THAT YOU MAY
KNOW AN OLD
FRIEND BY ITS
NEW LABEL



IF YOU PREFER
WHISKY...DRINK
DUNVILLE'S

ESTABLISHED

1808

D.A.—N. 85

The Highway of Fashion

By
M. E. BROOKE



Madame Barri, 33, New Bond Street, W., has made this party frock of pale pink organdie, trimming it with miniature frills



This party frock is of peach-coloured taffetas with bows on the shoulders and narrow frills with frayed edges on the skirt. See page ii

There is something different about this frock of pale blue organdie with its Louis Seize bows, frills and puff sleeves. Madame Barri has increased its charm with old world mittens

The merest suspicion of a cloud has alighted on the prosperous career of the pyjama, while the negligée with rather short trains has come well into the limelight. It is carried out in the loveliest materials imaginable and is never seen to greater advantage than in a semi-transparent velvet enriched with fur. A battle is in progress between the old world sapphire blue and midnight.

Handkerchiefs for the evening are very large, and when they are expressed in pastel-tinted chiffon have a motif of black lace at one, or it may be all four corners; or again, they may lack the lace and have a surround of black chiffon. Sometimes the grounds are of a neutral tint and have an all over chene neat pattern.

Slide fastenings of coral and jade are seen in conjunction with the gold mounts of suede and other decorative bags, which are often of the miser's character. It is said that women forget the numbers of their cars, therefore a practical shopping bag has been created with a space in the fastening for the number.

It is essential that mittens match the dress; consequently white lace affairs are now being dyed; they may be lined with chiffon; this can be done in the course of a few hours. Naturally they are far more economical than the just off the white shades of suede gloves.

The embroidery on this nightdress and chemise from Walpole's is expressed with the aid of the reverse side of the material; they are of satin lace and embroidery with knickers to match

Like unto the colours on an artist's palette are those that are present in the decoration of this black zenana dressing wrapper; they are so subtly blended that the result is wondrously artistic. See page ii

Walpole, 89, New Bond Street, who are so well known for lingerie, are responsible for this satin nightdress generously trimmed with lace; there are cami-knickers to match. See page ii



THE NEWEST JEWEL CIRO'S FASCINATING CREATION

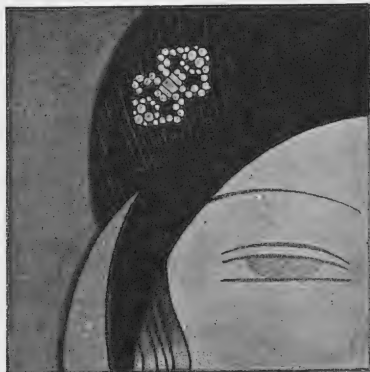
AT LAST A JEWEL WITH A DOZEN USES

No jewel like the new *Ciro 'Limpette'* Brooch was ever devised before. An exquisite brooch of fire-flashing diamonds that shows no sign of how it is attached. That clings flat and neat. That never seems to have been added, but as if it were an integral part of your smart ensemble. Think what this means! Here, at last, is a jewel that has a dozen uses. You can wear it where you will. It cannot sag, or drag, or damage the frailest materials. It is snug and secure, unable to slip or move until you choose to release its clever patented action. Set with the amazing *Ciro Diamonds* either alone or with *Sapphires, Emeralds or Rubies*, the *'Limpette'* is the loveliest and most economical jewel the woman

of to-day can buy. Wherever it rests it looks exactly right because each design has been modelled in quiet restraint with all its many roles and uses in view. See the new *'Limpette'* Brooch — at *Ciro show-rooms* only.

CATALOGUES FREE

The *Ciro* art catalogues (No. 8) are a decided acquisition to the smart woman. They illustrate the latest examples of *Ciro's* exquisite art of modern jewelcraft at prices as low as £1.1.0. With them at hand to choose from, the woman of fashion will find it easy for a moderate expenditure to keep her jewellery as up-to-date as her hats and frocks.



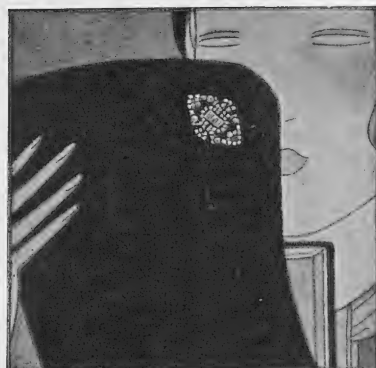
As a chic hat ornament—crown or brim at you will. No. 8026.



As a formal brooch but infinitely neater. No. 8030.

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Ciro
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48 OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.1
178 Regent St., W.1 & 120 Cheapside, E.C.



Each of your bags enraptured in turn. No. 8029.



Just one more of its many alluring effects. No. 8031.



8028 An original and exclusive design in the new *Ciro Diamonds, Baguettes and Onyx.*

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8032 *Ciro Emeralds (or Sapphires)* effectively enhanced by the new *Ciro Diamonds.*

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LIVERPOOL: 23 Church St.
BRISTOL: at J.F. Taylor, Ltd.
GLASGOW: 95 Buchanan St.
BERLIN: 14 Unter den Linden

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

Cheddar Gorge.

Again this season Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, have converted their Toy Department into a veritable Fairyland, with British made toys, not overlooking representatives of the Navy and the Army. There are tip-tilted lorries, motor-cars, trains, and very special cranes and fire escapes; illustrations of these appear in their catalogue. The greatest achievement of all is a replica in miniature of the Cheddar Gorge and Caves. There is the well-known rock which inspired the hymn, "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me," and in contrast to this are heaps of little simuli cheeses which have made this part of Somerset so famous. Children will simply revel in it, especially as Father Christmas will be the Master of the Ceremonies, and it is rumoured that he has a surprise gift for everyone.

Father Christmas on the Roof.

A few days ago Father Christmas appeared on Selfridge's (Oxford Street) roof; he had come up one of the chimneys and was greeted by a crowd of boys and girls, and then before they realized that he was no longer with them they saw his feet projecting from another chimney; they were then guided to Fairyland, and as the distance was long they made the journey in a diving bell—nevertheless, Father Christmas was there before them. And he will be there every day showing the young folk the wonders of the Cave, and bestowing gifts upon them, for he is a very kindly gentleman.

And Children Must Have Frocks.

And as children must have party frocks, Madame Barri, 33, New Bond Street, W., has contributed some charming affairs on p. 260. In the centre is an organdie frock for a child of two years old; it is trimmed with tiny frills and is reinforced with puff sleeves, and although it is lined throughout it is only £1 18s. 6d. The long dress on the left is destined for a girl of eight; the Louis Seize bows and insertions greatly add to its charm; it is 7½ guineas. Peach-coloured taffeta makes the dress on the right; the skirt is composed of narrow frills with frayed edges, blue ribbon bows alighting on the shoulders. It is to be regretted that lack of space prevented the portrayal of a shaded organdie dress, the corsage arranged with a bolero effect. Again, there are spotted net dresses in a variety of colours, including cherry.



Burberrys' coats are always admirably cut and tailored, those portrayed being no exception to the rule. The one on the left is a study in grey and black shades, while in the one on the right black, red, and tan tints are present. They are both reinforced with handsome fur collar

Decorative and Warm.

There is often an hour before dinner when a wrapper that is warm and decorative is needed, and it is also often wanted should a woman be confined to her room with a cold. Walpoles, 89, New Bond Street, are making a feature of wrappers of this character; indeed, they are so likeable that everyone will seek an excuse for wearing them. To them must be given the credit of the *chef-d'œuvre* seen on p. 260. It is carried out in black zenana, showing a floral design; there is a becoming fulness below the knees, and, of course, the collar may be arranged in a variety of ways, and of it one may become the possessor for 5½ guineas.

Satin Nighties.

Women in general have indeed to be grateful to those who evolved washing satin. It is of this fabric that Walpoles, 89, New Bond Street, have made the lingerie pictured on p. 260. The model on the extreme left may with justice be called a "trousseau" nightdress, for not only is it trimmed with lace at the top but down the side as well; it is 5½ guineas, while the cami-knickers to match are 69s. 9d. And although the set in the centre is not nearly so expensive it is also of satin and is trimmed with lace and embroidery.

The nightdress is 59s. 9d., the chemise 29s. 9d., and the knickers 33s. 9d. Regarding the embroidery, it must be mentioned that a toll has been levied on the reverse side of the material for its fashioning.

The Overcoat Weatherproof.

Burberrys' (Haymarket) overcoat weatherproof is as appropriate for men and women in the tropics as it is in the Polar regions and, of course, it is an excellent garment for temperate regions. Among its manifold advantages are lightness, windproofness, rainproofness, perfectly natural ventilating qualities, freedom from heating properties, marvellous length of life, and insignificant cost. Neither must it be overlooked that there are Burberrys for children. The illustrations on this page show two smart coats which are as suitable for town as for country wear. They are made of tweed enriched with fur collars; patterns of the materials together with self-measurement forms would gladly be sent on application. Although Scotland and Canada are poles



apart it is believed that this season skiing enthusiasts will be well represented in both places. Burberrys are making a feature of perfectly practical and practically perfect winter sports outfits; it seems almost unnecessary to add that those for skiing are made of weatherproof fabrics. For skating there are very decorative pull-over caps and caps with neat skirts.

YARDLEY PERFUMES



English Perfumes!

YES, WHY NOT?

THERE ARE NO FINER PERFUMES
MADE THAN THE YARDLEY PERFUMES.
THEY HAVE THAT AUTHENTIC NOTE
OF LUXURY AND ELEGANCE FOUND
ONLY IN THE WORLD'S FINEST
PERFUME CREATIONS.

ORCHIS CHYPRE
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ETC.



Orchis

by Yardley, perfume of exquisite beauty; the complement of lovely things, of ermine and sables, of shimmering silks and golden tissues, of the lambent fire of gems and the soft splendour of pearls. It is created for fair women wise in the art of gracious living, the love of fine things and a just appreciation of their beauty. To them it is dedicated.



PRICE 19/6

Smaller sizes - - - 10/6, 6/6, 3/9

Powder 1/9 (In tints to suit your complexion) Compact 2/6

OF ALL CHEMISTS, COIFFEURS AND STORES

YARDLEY 33 Old Bond Street LONDON



Lamy & Wrightson

MISS JEAN SIMPSON-BAIKIE AND A "GENTLEMAN"



Bertram Park

MISS AVERIL STREATFEILD



Dorothy Wilding

MRS. STACK AND A "LADY"

Miss Jean Simpson-Baikie, who is the only daughter of the late Brigadier-General Sir Hugh Simpson-Baikie and Lady Simpson-Baikie, is to be married in the New Year to Mr. Morley Kennerly. Miss Averil Streatfeild, who is a daughter of Colonel Henry Streatfeild, is on the Committee of the Ivory Cross Matinée to be held at the London Hippodrome to-morrow (12th). Mrs. Stack is with a tame vixen aptly named "Elegance," which she exhibited at the annual show of silver foxes on November 4 at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. Mrs. Stack and her husband, Commander Stack, R.N., run a silver fox farm in Kent, which is proving a great success, for more and more people in England are insisting on only wearing furs of animals that have been humanely killed

The Price of Blouse Chic

29/6

Rejoice! each one of you! For whether you're a tailored woman, a sportswoman or the ultra-feminine-platinum-blonde type, there are blouses at Marshall's that will meet your individual style—and pocket-books!

Blouse of suède crêpe—daintily embroidered in contrasting colours. The collar is adaptable. Colours: white / black, beige, pink, champagne, green, yellow. O.S. 4/- extra.

Blouse of crêpe suède. V-neck embroidered with darker shades to tone. Colours: ivory, beige, light green, champagne, pink and maize. O.S. 4/- extra.

Sent on approval.

MARSHALL AND SNELGROVE

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AQUASCUTUM OVERCOATS

Hand-Tailored by
British Workmen, are a

**One - Hundred - per - cent
BRITISH PRODUCT**

Guaranteed by a reputation main-
tained for over three-quarters of a
Century and famous throughout the
world

**Good Clothes are
Always an Economy**

Overcoats ready-to-wear
or to measure

From **5½** GNS.

**Please write for folder "A"
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Tailors and
Overcoat Specialists
since 1851

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— AGENTS IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL TOWNS —



The Lady's Coat above illustrated is
reversible, being Irish Tweed in brown
on the one side and pure camel-hair
on the other; a double set of capacious
pockets is provided.

The Man's Coat is the new
Aquascutum Waterproof and Winter
Overcoat combined. It is light, yet
warm, and can be worn with or
without the belt.



NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, again appeal for your help for an old lady of eighty-nine, to whom an allowance of 5s. weekly has been given, but for which the funds have now run out. She lives alone on her old age pension of 10s. weekly. Her father died when she was quite young, and her mother then kept a small school. She supported herself for many years by doing needlework, but now she is nearly blind. She has made a brave fight all her life to hide her poverty and remain independent of charity, but she is now so old and frail that we are most anxious to continue our help during the last year or so of her life. The visitor who keeps in touch with her says: "She is a pathetic figure, full of courage and always cheerful, but needing many extra little comforts." Please send enough to carry over this winter at any rate. At least £6 or £7 will be required.

The Repertory Players' autumn Ball will take place at the Park Lane Hotel on Friday next, November 13. There will be an all-star cabaret.

Cyril Maude will make one of his rare appearances on the stage this month—November 27—when he is taking part in an all-star matinee he is organizing in aid of the Actors' Church Union Hostel for children of players on tour. The matinee will take place in Lady Howard de Walden's drawing-room at Seaford House, Belgrave Square.

The Alexandra Day Committee have just allocated £50 to the Children's Salon of "Britannia and Eve" for their Cots Endowment Fund.

The committee of the Union des Intérêts Hôtelières of Monaco at their last meeting decided to

invite all the members of their association to consent to a reduction in their charges corresponding to the current rate of exchange.

H. R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, will be present at the Three Hundred Ball on Friday, November 13, at Claridge's Hotel, in aid of the National Children Adoption Association. Lady Howard Stepney is Chairman of the Ball Committee, with Lady Myers, O.B., as Vice-Chairman. Miss Peggy Gordon Moore, Chairman of the Young People's Committee, who is one of the talented and brilliant Young People, is organizing and producing the Cabaret of Young Society Girls without any professional help. The Cabaret will take place during supper. The Embassy Band has been engaged. Tickets at 2 guineas each, or a book of six for 10 guineas, may be obtained from The Ball Organizer, 6a, Blomfield Road, Maida Vale, W.9. T.N. Abercorn 4470.



THE STOP-IN-ENGLAND MOVEMENT: SIDMOUTH

Only one of the many places which people with the Continental complex overlook. Places like Sidmouth, on the South Devon coast, abound, and now that it is the duty of every patriot to spend the flighty pound in his own country instead of elsewhere, that receptive person no doubt will sit up and take due notice. There are few prettier or more sheltered spots than Sidmouth on the South Devon coast

Guy Fawkes night was, as usual, on the damp side, but dampness makes very little difference to the enjoyment of Brock's fireworks, as they go off with a bang in any weather. This old-established firm caters for the children and others of all classes, from those who can afford elaborate wheels made up of several fireworks to those who can afford to spend only a few shillings on fireworks, but who can get quite a good show all the same by buying the smaller examples and so getting more for their money. Brock's are most ingenious in devising new fireworks every year.

The Victoria Palace have a strong variety bill this week, including Nellie Wallace, Payne and Hilliard, Gillie Potter, Gus Elen, Tommy Handley, Yost and Partner, and Maurice Chester's sixteen sporting dogs. For the Christmas season Mr. Bert Coote will once again present at matinees only his charming fairy play, *The Windmill Man*, in which he himself will again play the Mad Gardener.

Miss Anna Neagle

the charming young actress who has made such a distinct success in one of the leading parts in "Stand Up and Sing" at the London Hippodrome, pays tribute to the wonderful nerve tonic, Phosferine:

"THANK goodness for Phosferine! I felt the strain, and was naturally a trifle nervous in my first part, before such a critical first-night audience as the London Hippodrome—but Phosferine kept me perfectly toned up. For some time before the show was produced I took a regular course of Phosferine, and all the previous fatigue of touring, and endless rehearsals disappeared, and I begin and finish my day's work delightfully fresh and vigorous. Having such a fund of energy gives confidence in one's self, and I am quite certain Phosferine assures my nerves the healthy 'rest,' which ensures a good appearance."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Influenza
Debility
Indigestion
Sleeplessness
Exhaustion

Neuralgia
Maternity Weakness
Weak Digestion
Mental Exhaustion
Loss of Appetite

Lassitude
Neuritis
Faintness
Brain Fog
Anæmia

Nerve Shock
Malaria
Rheumatism
Headache
Sciatica

From Chemists.

Tablets and Liquid.



The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

Also take SANACINE Brand Cough Mixture—The most effective Remedy for Colds and Coughs (a Phosferine Product). Tablets and Liquid 1/3 and 3/-.

A. duval



PARFUM
Festival
HOUBIGANT

OF AN ENTIRELY NEW CONCEPTION
AND BLENDED WITH ONLY THE
RAREST AND MOST PRECIOUS
ESSENCES, THIS TENACIOUS
PERFUME EXHALES ITS PERFECTION
AFTER A PERIOD OF EVAPORATION

LES SÉLECTIONS NOUVELLES D'HOUBIGANT

WEDDINGS AND



MR. AND MRS. DUNCOMBE-ANDERSON

Who were married last month. Mrs. Duncombe-Anderson was formerly Miss Giorawna McNalty, and is the elder daughter of the late Major C. E. I. McNalty and Mrs. Irvine McNalty of King's Worthy Court, Winchester

Abroad.

On November 17, Mr. Guy Westray and Miss Greta Grayrigge are being married at Borsapori, Assam; Mr. John Arthur Lawrence, the elder son of Mr. A. M. Lawrence of 65, Holland Road, Kensington, and the late Mrs. Lawrence, and Miss Rachel Aline Kennedy, the third daughter of the late Mr. G. E. B. Kennedy and Mrs. Kennedy of Surbiton, are being married in Montreal at the end of November.

This Month.

Mr. William Cooper Bailey of Harrogate, and Miss Jessie McIntyre Thomson of Gosforth, Northumberland, have fixed November 17 for their wedding at St. George's, Hanover Square, which is to be a quiet one; on the same day Mr. R. L. Holland marries Miss Jean Macnabb at Penn Church; on the 18th there is the marriage of Mr. G. E. FitzHugh of Plas Pwll, Wrexham, and Miss Nancy Delves, which is to be at Holy Trinity Church, Kensington Gore.



MISS VERONICA HANKIN

The daughter of the late Mr. A. C. Hankin, C.S.I., C.I.E., and of Mrs. Arthur Hankin of Wellington Hall, Wellington, India, who is to be married in India to Mr. Geoffrey Grey, the son of Colonel Edward Grey of Court Hill House, Kearsney, Kent

ENGAGEMENTS

A New Year Wedding.

The marriage will take place in January between Mr. Hector James Monro, the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Monro of Bannockburn, New Barnet, and Miss Kathlyn Doig, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Doig of Fairways, Whetstone.

Recently Engaged.

Mr. Kenneth Cooper, Royal Tank Corps, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Cooper of Rhose, Glamorgan, and Miss Barbara Mary Harding-Newman, the younger daughter of Major and Mrs. Harding-Newman of Snow Hill, Midhurst; Dr. J. V. Sparks of 24, Devonshire Street, W., son of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Sparks, C.B.E., of Ormesdale, Dorking, and Miss Dorothy M. Gudgeon, daughter of Mr. A. J. Gudgeon and the late Mrs. Gudgeon of 2, Norfolk Square, Brighton; Lieut.-Com. R. C. Millington, R.N., the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Millington of Northampton, and Miss Redmayne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Redmayne of Howick House, near Preston, Lancs.



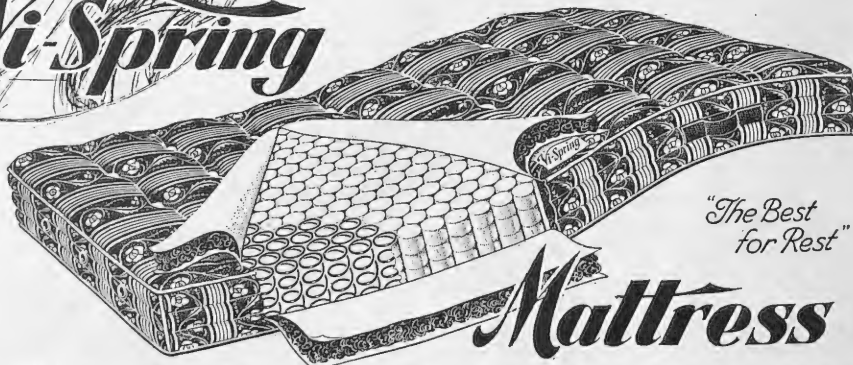
MR. AND MRS. G. C. PAYNE

Photographed after their marriage in Akyab, Burma. Mr. Payne is the second son of the late Mr. C. C. Payne and Mrs. Payne of 2, Colville Gardens, London, and his wife was formerly Miss Barbara Sandeman, the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel A. P. Sandeman, O.B.E., I.A., and Mrs. Sandeman



For nights of restful comfort

Sleep on a Vi-Spring Mattress and always enjoy nights of perfect rest. Springs—hundreds of them—yield with a gentle, soft resilience that correctly supports the body and imparts a sense of luxurious comfort that quickly induces sound, refreshing sleep. Throughout the years the Vi-Spring Overlay Mattress gives unvarying comfort, its springs never lose their wonderful resiliency. Look for the registered name 'Vi-Spring.'



"The Best for Rest"

Mattress

Sold by all reliable house furnishers.

Illustrated Catalogue, fully describing this luxurious overlay mattress, sent post free on request to:—

Vi-Spring Products Ltd. 41, Vi-Spring Works, Victoria Road, Willesden Junction, London, N.W. 10



"And the first thing I thought of this morning was your adorable ankles!"

"I know, darling, these Kayser Stockings are apt to make a girl come into a man's mind first!"



Pure, flawless silk—newest shades—beautifully tailored—Kayser Stockings are sold everywhere - - - from 6/11

Made in U.S.A.—Wholesale Distributor: C. J. Davis, 3 Prince's Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

That very prosperous and up-to-date society, the Southern Counties Gun-dog League, is staging a novelty at its spaniel trials, which are to take place at Idsworth on December 29-31. This is a stake for novices; neither dog nor handler must have won any sort of prize. The stake is open to all, and the judges are Lady Howe and Major Portal, who will no doubt help the novice in every way they can. This stake should be a great success. Something of the kind was much needed as the ordinary novice naturally feels shy of entering either himself or his novice dog in open competitions, and the Amateur Handlers' Stakes sometimes provided do not meet the case, as some of our best handlers are amateurs. There is plenty of time to get dogs ready, and the stake should be most amusing.

Mrs. Howard is perhaps best known to us by her Alsatians, especially in connection with the obedience and training classes, where she takes such a prominent part, but she also has wire-haired dachshunds and dandie dimmonds, and is



EGTON LADY OF THE LAKE
The property of Mrs. Spence

Fall

very successful in these breeds, too. She writes that she has "some very nice dandie bitch pups, six months old, fully immunized against distemper" for sale. They are by Champion Darenth Badger ex Gallant Grizel. The photograph is of Grizel. The rise of the dandie in the public estimation, in the south especially, has been one of the features of the show world lately. In addition he has come to his own again as companion. The present-day dandies, though losing nothing of type, are as sound and active as they can be, and still "fear naething that ever cam wi' a hairy skin on't," as in the old Border days.



GALLANT GRIZEL

The property of Mrs. Howard

Fall

lars and to show her dogs to anyone interested. Her address is Miss Gertrude Savile, Sunnycroft, Clint, Ripley, near Harrogate.

Mrs. Conway has some very good chow pups for sale—blues, reds, and blacks—all by well-known sires. They are of various ages. Mrs. Conway will gladly send full particulars to enquirers.

All letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

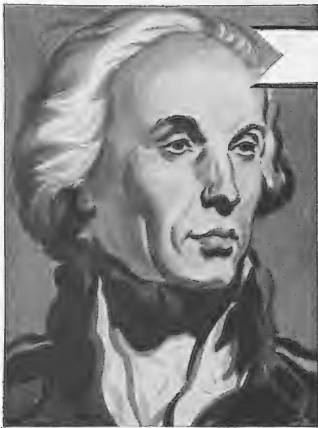
And thinking of the Border brings us to another terrier from near the Border, though not of it. Mrs. Graham Spence is justly proud of the success of her efforts to popularize the Lakeland terrier in the South. There were twenty-one entries of these terriers at the K.C. Show and they attracted much attention. Mrs. Spence won the bitch challenge certificate with Egton Lady of the Lake, the first time certificates have been offered, while Lady of the Lake's grandson won the dog challenge certificate, and the runners up in open dogs and in open bitches were also both her grand-children. There were a lot of new breeders from the South at the Show. Mrs. Spence has several litters for sale, some very good puppies among them.

Miss Savile sends one of her delightful photographs of her Japanese puppies. She has some particularly good puppies for sale now, six months' old, also one older. Miss Savile's japs are brought up under particularly healthy surroundings as she lives on the top of the Yorkshire moors, near Harrogate. It is a mistake to think japs when properly treated are delicate, and they are one of the most charming and dainty of the toy breeds. Miss Savile will be very pleased to send full particulars to anyone interested. Her address is Miss



JAPANESE PUPPIES

The property of Miss Gertrude Savile



LORD NELSON



Born 1758, died 1805. Entered British Navy when 12 years old. Against the French and Spanish fleets gained decisive victories for England and her allies, through which English naval supremacy was firmly established.

UNSHRINKABLE FAME . . .

Just as Nelson never shrank from duty, even in face of great odds, so "TRICOLINE" Shirts, Collars and Pyjamas will never shrink through being washed and laundered. For that, you have the Manufacturers' positive guarantee. Add to this fact the thoroughly smooth texture and good style of every "TRICOLINE" garment sold, and you realise that the name "TRICOLINE" is the surest indication of smartness and value. A full selection of patterns—including the latest colourings and designs—may be seen at leading Hosiery, Outfitters and Stores. **GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE**

"Tricoline"
THE EQUAL TO SILK
SHIRTS, COLLARS & PYJAMAS

If any difficulty in obtaining, write M.7, "TRICOLINE" House, 19, Watling Street, E.C.4

M.C. Tricoline

WEATHERCOATS

made and proofed by Nicholson & Co., St. Albans. Rainproof yet porous. Light yet warm.

GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE
Tricoline
A "WEMCO" FABRIC
GUARANTEED FAST COLORS

NONE GUARANTEED WITHOUT THIS TAB.



All for Beauty



Luxuria
THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS
Beauty Cream

LUXURIA melts deep into the pores of your skin at the touch of your fingers, and removes every trace of dust and grime which spoils the clear whiteness of your skin.

Yet LUXURIA does more than cleanse. Its wonderful ingredients feed the tissues and keep the skin soft and fair and youthful.

LUXURIA is obtainable at all good Department Stores, Chemists, and Hairdressers. Price 2/3, 4/6, 8/6, 11/9. Write to Harriet Hubbard Ayer Ltd., 130 Regent Street, London, W.1, for a fascinating free booklet, called 'All for Beauty,' which tells you delightful ways of improving your looks in your own home.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER
LIMITED
BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

NEW YORK

LONDON

PARIS

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 248

the one in this adventure was. Here is the young sportsman's story in his own words:

I had come up to the hills on ten days leave with the intention of trying for a black bear, and went into camp up a small nullah. My camp was low down on one side of the nullah, and forest extended right up to the top. In one particular part of this forest was a patch of walnut trees, a regular house of call for bears who lived on the tops of the hills by day and came down to the crops and fruit trees in the valley every night.

My shikari knew this "bears' pub" well, and about the third evening of my trip we went off to visit the place. It was some way above the camp and further up the nullah, right in the thick forest. An area of about a quarter acre full of walnut trees with some considerable amount of bushes and high grass. In the middle a very large and old tree trunk lay propped up at one end on a stump; a very nice place to lie beside, and one could get almost underneath it; the pub bar, in fact. We shook down some walnuts and arranged things as much as we could to the bears' liking, and then retired discreetly a few yards. The evening was overcast and darker than usual, when at about 7 p.m. we heard one or two visitors drop in. A few minutes to let them get nicely settled and then I began, followed by the shikari, to stalk towards them. It was a ticklish job due to one bear who was feeding in a clump of bushes right on our road. We couldn't see him, but he could be heard and would have raised the alarm on the slightest suspicion of our presence.

Eventually he moved off and we continued the advance. On arriving close to the big tree trunk we decided from the noise there was a bear in the open glade ahead. By this time it was dark due to the heavy clouds and trees overhead. Luckily I had an electric torch fixed to my rifle.

Having made sure of the general direction of the bear, I stood up to see over the grass,

raised the rifle, switched on the light (straight on to him by good fortune), and fired. A cry of pain from the bear, which I expected; but seven cries of rage from all round me which I didn't. Like the Wild West bar-tender who "mixes it" with Two-gun Pete, the shikari and I shot under the bar, switching the light out first. One bear, yes; two bears, perhaps; but eight, oh no, we would retire gracefully and leave them the field. The flash of the light and the sound of the shot had undoubtedly annoyed the bears. They all, including the wounded one, charged towards the place where the light had been and, of course, all met each other. The wounded one, in the manner of bears, tried to pay out the others for his wound, and a free fight resulted. There was an awful noise for about two minutes, and then the whole scrum suddenly rolled down the khud which was pretty steep, crashing into trees and keeping up the fight till they were lost to hearing.

We gave them a good five minutes to clear off, and then emerged from our retreat and cautiously examined the ground. The bear I had shot was obviously in a bad way as the blood was splashed all about and was frothy, a lung wound. The place where the fight occurred was flattened out, and blood and bits of fur were to be seen. We however had had enough for one evening and decided to let well alone, so returned to camp. During the night there was a very heavy storm, and when we got to the ground at daybreak all the blood had been washed away. We searched for hours but the trail was gone, and though I offered a reward for any coolie who could find the trail, or the bear who had probably died of the wound, he was never found. Whether he recovered, for they are very tenacious of life, or whether he crept into a thicket and died, no one ever heard of him again; but the valley was spared a wounded bear. A wounded bear attacking his companions is well known, and most of the authorities on shikar mention it in their books, but I don't know if they have ever had to suppress a violent desire to laugh at a free fight going on within a yard or two of their heads when they themselves were the culprits and had got off scot-free.



W. Dennis Moss

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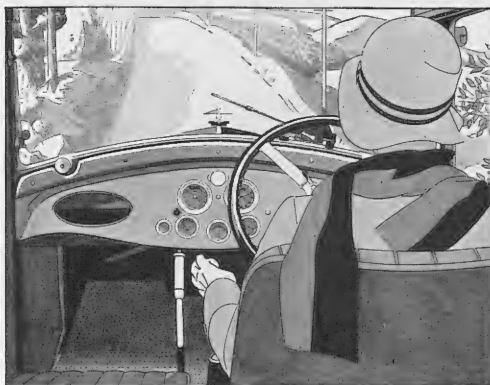
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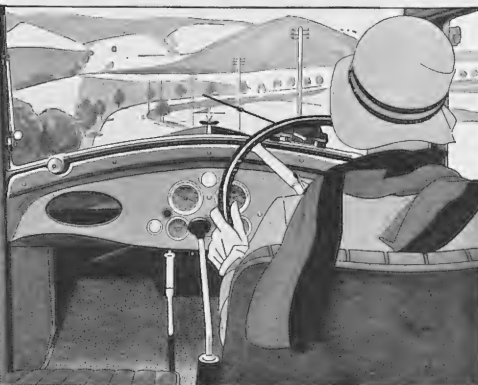
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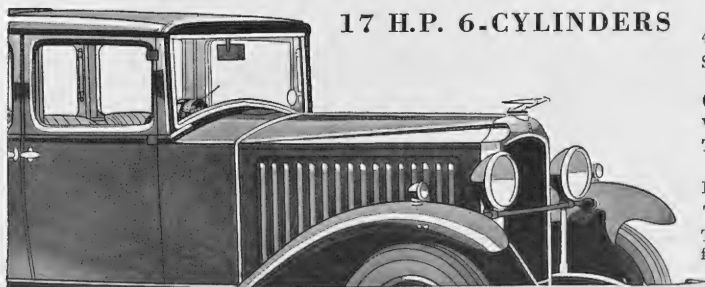
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The Neck and its Needs.

It is a curious thing that the column of the throat (or, as it is sometimes called, the stem on which the lily rests) does not receive more attention. It must be remembered that the skin of the throat is very sensitive and requires nourishment in the same way as the skin of the face; it is there that the first signs of age become manifest; therefore it is a matter for congratulation that Eleanor Adair is responsible for a new manipulative treatment for the chin and neck which vibrates with life, tones and flushes the blood cells, smooths out lines and hollows, corrects too generous outlines; the result being a swan-like appearance to the neck. Furthermore, the skin should be massaged every night with a good tissue food. The finger tips must meet in the centre of the throat below the chin; afterwards the palms of the hands by an adroit movement must be employed *en route* back to the ears.

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No matter how swan-like the proportions of the neck, its charm is well-nigh lost should it be seen in alliance with a double chin. This defect can likewise be conquered, but it must be done scientifically, the superfluous tissue being massaged and by other means persuaded (there is no other way that describes the process) to disperse. This can only be accomplished by those who have made a life-long study of the anatomy of the face, neck, and throat. Eleanor Adair has done this, and it is for this reason that her curative and preventive treatments are so successful.

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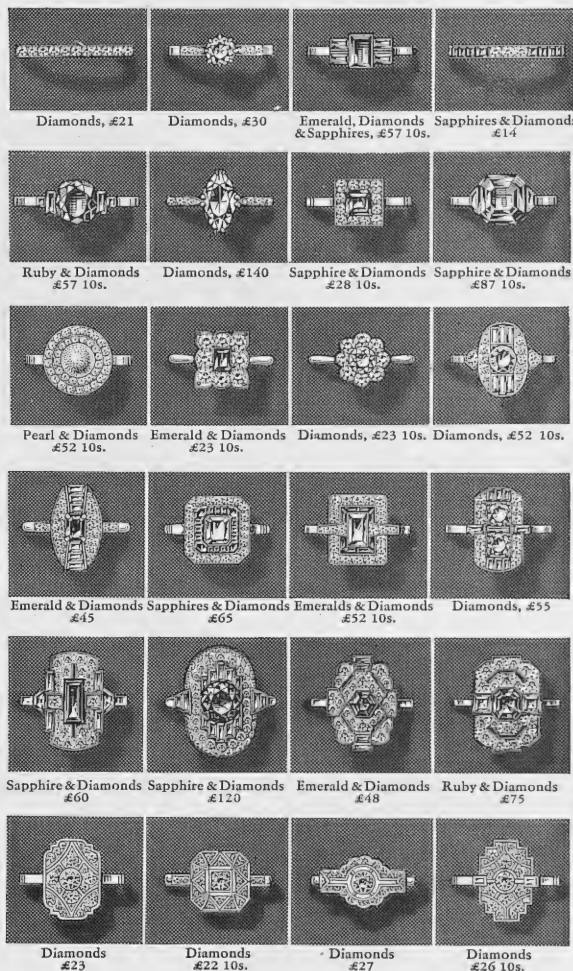


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The Passing Shows—continued from p. 237

panorama of events to be viewed from two levels. The holiday sea-scape and the hurly-burly of the East-end market offset the stately brilliance of the grand reception of the early nineteen hundreds. Alfred Bridges (Mr. Fred Groves) goes to South Africa with his master, turns publican, takes to drink, and is run over in the street. His wife, the faithful Ellen (Miss Una O'Connor), remains the family friend until the War plays havoc with the social values. Then it is a preposterously changed Ellen who claims equality and marriage for her actress-daughter (Miss Binnie Barnes) and young Joe Marryot (Mr. John Mills). But the boy is killed after his last leave, one of the last casualties.

The kaleidoscope ends on a rousing note of patriotic propaganda. A grey-haired Mrs. Marryot drinks sentimentally her annual New Year's Eve toast to the future of England—"may this great country that we love so much soon find prosperity, dignity, and peace again." The scene changes into a swirling symphony of post-War unrest—a jazz singer wailing out "Twentieth Century Blues" to a nigger accompaniment in a night-club; a brawling Communist agitator; a religious maniac; a wireless announcer. Swirling searchlights turn the symbolism into chaos. Then, the toast again, the final massed tableau, and the National Anthem.

A grand and glorious evening. Forgive me if I have failed to do it justice. As for the acting, subservient as it must be to the orgy of scene shifting and crowd work, blame "Tom Titt" for taking more than his fair share of space. My apologies to Miss Mary Clare and many others for a neglect which they do not deserve.

TRINCULO.

Eve at Golf—continued from p. 254

defeated Waltonites, nor enjoyed themselves more. Mrs. Knight was never up on Mrs. Garon until the 17th, but she had given as good a display of iron shots, bunker work, and putting as anybody could wish, and her winning 4 at the last hole was a rightful

finish. But nobody supported her. Miss Rudgard, Miss Winn, Mrs. Garrett, and Miss Floyd were too strong for their Walton opponents, Miss Rudgard to the extent of 8 and 6, though Miss Winn quite frequently had to play the odd to Mrs. Ernest Hill, and to be only 2 over 4's to win by 3 and 2.

Royal Mid-Surrey appeared on paper distinctly stronger than West Hill. But Mrs. Kennedy performed prodigies of valour, particularly at the short 10th, against Miss Rabbidge; Mrs. Turner Bell and Mrs. Crombie did likewise at the last minute; and so it was West Hill, simply bristling with determination, who tackled Thorndon after a prolonged and delicious lunch. Tea seemed long overdue, darkness was falling before they had to own themselves defeated.

In the top match, to be sure, Mrs. Garon ran away from Mrs. Kennedy at the beginning, and the latter's splendid rally, including her 3 at the 13th up the hill, came too late. Mrs. Garon's shots up to the 14th and 15th were as good specimens, in their different ways, as the day saw, and the 15th saw her victory.

Miss Julia Hill, however, squared matters by beating Miss Rudgard a hole earlier, going out in 39 and taking the rest of the holes in level 4's. If that is what happens now she is hitting such a much longer ball Miss Hill may look for all sorts of excitements in the future. Then Mrs. Collis-Browne raised West Hill hopes by getting a good solid lead of 4 from Miss Joy Winn. But Miss Winn wore her down, squared the match with a magnificent second on to the 14th green out of the bunker she had driven into, and eventually won on the 19th. Still West Hill hope lived on, for Mrs. Turner Bell was known to be up, in spite of Mrs. Garrett's 2 at the 4th and 3 at the 5th, Mrs. Turner Bell having taken the lead with a great 3 at the 15th. But at the 17th her putt went in and out again and there was a sad collapse at the 18th. So that was three matches to Thorndon, and even when Mrs. Crombie's pluck and a stymie squared the match for her against Mrs. Floyd, there was nothing to be gained by going out into the dark up the 19th, and the result was allowed to stand at 3½ to 1½ in Thorndon's favour. A great day and a great finish, perfectly staged as ever by Miss Stringer and Mr. Spalding.



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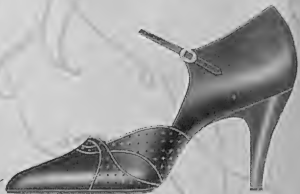
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AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

Technics for the Trillion.

TECHNICAL terms are no longer the gibbering ghosts of general journalism. One of them stalking across the page will not frighten a single reader, and half-a-dozen will scarcely provoke comment. Yet a little time ago if the word fuselage, for instance, were introduced into reading matter intended for laymen, it had to be followed by an explanatory note so as to show that there was nothing to be frightened about and that it was only brother George dressed up in a sheet. Now fuselage is accepted by all, and so are elevator, fin, and aileron. With this increase in knowledge there has been an increase in the desire for knowledge. So that facts and figures, once loathed, have achieved great popularity.

Last week there was a spate of aeronautical facts and figures—nearly all of them interesting. There was Captain A. G. Lamplugh's lecture at the Royal Aeronautical Society; there was the publication of the Aeronautical Research Committee's Report, "Take-off and Landing of Aircraft," by D. Rolinson, and there was the paper on "The Internal Combustion Engine and its Performance," by W. A. Tookey. Captain Lamplugh, who is responsible for most of the aviation insurance in this country and who is, therefore, living disproof of the statement that it is the woman who pays, says that for amateur pilots there are three danger periods, between 20 and 30 hours, between 80 and 120 hours, and between 500 and 600 hours. Captain Lamplugh attributes this last danger period to the pilot having by this time acquired a reasonable degree of perfection in the handling of the aircraft but not having yet learned that no amount of skill will avail against the elements under certain conditions.

With Captain Lamplugh's suggestions for improving safety, however, it is impossible to agree. Captain Lamplugh's work tends to make him adopt a "safety at all costs" attitude which, in my view,

is not in the best interests of aviation. Aircraft could be made absolutely safe by a simple expedient and all accidents in any way due to aircraft could be abolished from the world. It is possible to achieve this end now simply by the issue and enforcement of a single regulation stopping all aircraft from flying. At the other end of the scale all restrictions, licences, inspections, certificates, rules, and regulations might be abolished and there would then almost certainly be an increase in flying and a large reduction in the cost of flying. But there would also be an increase in the number of accidents. It seems to me that Captain Lamplugh errs seriously in the direction of wanting to obtain safety by inaction, of demanding aeronautical stasis at the point of the insurance policy.

Safety Limits.

Already amateur flying is safe. Captain Lamplugh pointed out himself that the figures are extraordinarily good. Naturally he wishes to see them still better. But safety must be balanced against a reasonable degree of freedom to operate and to build aircraft. In my view private flying is already too safe. It would act as a tonic if it were freed from the multitude of restrictions which at present tend to immobilize it. With due respect to Captain Lamplugh, we do not want more difficult "A" licence tests, we want easier ones if such are possible (a matter of doubt); we do not want more regulations, we want fewer; we do not want more certificates for instructors, we want fewer. The great guard against air accidents is not regulations or orders or licences, but the tradition of the aerodromes and the good sense of the aircraft and aero-engine constructors.

The impression that all constructors are anxious to sell air-craft that will collapse in the air, and that all pilots are anxious to hurl themselves to destruction were they not cherished by a mass of regulations and restrictions, is not supported by experience. The admirable steering and braking and weight distribution of the modern motor-car is the result of manufacturers learning from experience, usually in racing. There is no reason to suggest that aircraft constructors are not equally well capable of learning from experience.



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Atldwch

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 256

smoke. This, veering fickle, descended upon a small gang of folk who were quarrelling over the distribution of a packet of squibs, and, my word, you should have seen them afterwards when they got into the lights of the house. Coal-trimmers wasn't the word for them. They were liberally coated from top to toe with a stipple of greasy black smuts—the sort of thing that "goes in" for keeps. Next morning there was still quite a lot of oil frying quietly in the moribund embers, and even to-day there is a patch in the field where not even a weed will grow. One of these fine mornings some bright brain will realize that there is a fortune in waste oil, and will take up a house-to-house collection. And we shall disgorge it readily enough, for otherwise it is an extraordinarily difficult thing to get rid of, leave alone to utilize. I am told that after suitable treatment it can be made as good as new, which I am quite prepared to believe, but for my own part—in spite of hard times—I think I prefer veritably new samples of the best brands.

Worth Having.

And this reminds me that I have been very remiss in not having previously mentioned a little book which all interested in the sporting side of motoring—no, more than that, of all forms of locomotion—ought to have in their possession. Entitled "1931 Achievements on Castrol"—Castrol being, as you are doubtless aware, a commodity without which the obtaining of speed records on land, sea, and in the air is almost unthinkable—this is a concise and well-illustrated summary of really big things, so well put together that I have read it from cover to cover. And if you take the trouble to become possessed of it, you will doubtless do the same. After which you will not chuck it away, but keep it for reference.



MAJOR HAROLD HUTH WITH HIS TALBOT CARS
SUPPLIED BY WARWICK WRIGHT, LTD.

Major Huth was with Messrs. Warwick Wright for some considerable time as a director, and handled the sales. He left them and went on to the stage, where he has been a great success. His most recent appearance was in "The Outsider," which was recently filmed, with Major Harold Huth and Miss Joan Barry taking leading parts

Motor Notes and News

In these days, when reports of increased business are few and far between, it is refreshing to learn of the successes being achieved by manufacturers of British cars not only in the home but in the overseas markets. The seasonal year of the motor trade ended on September 30 and already a number of records have been set up. The latest of these is an announcement by Vauxhall Motors, Ltd., which discloses that the sales of Vauxhall cars in the home and export fields for the 1931 season show the substantial increase of 211.6 per cent. over the previous year. This company has increased its sales to export territories by no less than 277 per cent. during the same period.

Messrs. Invicta Car Sales Company of London, the former London distributors of Invicta cars, have now been appointed sole sales representatives of Invicta Cars of Cobham. All inquiries as to the sale and distribution of Invicta cars should be addressed to them at 11, Albemarle Street, London, W.1.

A fire broke out recently in the works of Riley (Coventry), Ltd. The fire brigade got the flames under control in a few hours, but several thousand pounds' worth of damage was done. Fortunately the outbreak occurred in the Service Department and it was a section of this, with its adjacent offices, which was affected. Seventeen or eighteen cars in for service were destroyed. The damage to the works will not interfere with production in any way, and Mr. Victor Riley, chairman and managing director of the company, has stated definitely that it will not make the slightest difference to employment. Up to date nothing has been found to show the cause of the outbreak.

"... modern adventures"

Our ancient urge to triumph, the wish innate in man for victory, is manifested now in less barbarous contest. Races and records supplant the arena and the jousting. The champion's speed comes not of a single trusty horse, but from power greater than the might of a herd. What wondrous efforts has this year seen! Breath-taking feats by noble machines from many a famous factory. And henchman to them all is Castrol. Would you read of these modern adventures? There is a book, just published free, picturing them for you. Please ask us for it.

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It is built to be the smoothest, the most silent, the most
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THE FASTEST AIRCRAFT IN THE WORLD

Supermarine Rolls-Royce holds the record of 407.5 m.p.h.

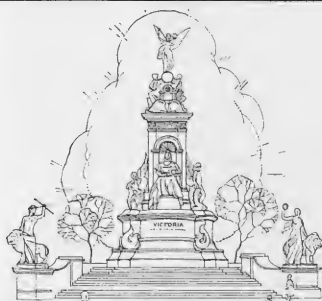
Rolls-Royce Aero Engines provided the motive power for the winning *Schneider
 Trophy Machine* and are installed in the latest aircraft in the *Royal Air Force*.

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is fitted with Rolls-Royce Aero Engines.

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 Circa 1850.



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By Appointment to
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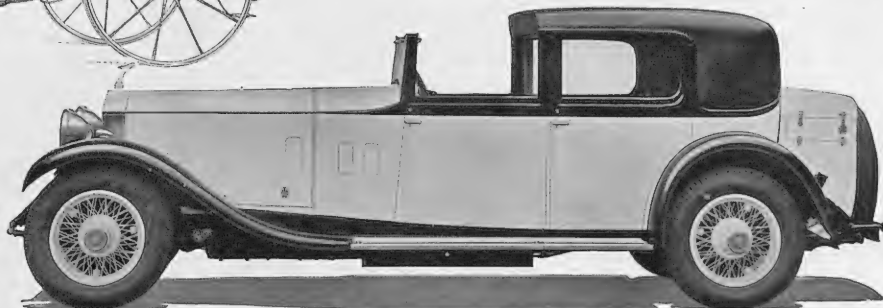
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It is better to prevent a cold than to cure one. It is better to cure a cold than to go to bed with influenza.

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And avoid making up every hour—as English women do



Louis Philippe, temperamental French colourist, who has made make-up an art—and about whom all Paris is talking. Shown here with Betty Compson, of movie fame.



You use it on your cheeks, too—just a touch with the finger-tips—and thus have the colour of your cheeks blend perfectly with the colour of your lips.

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A way has been found that not only gives a perfect lip make-up quicker and easier than any way known before, but that **HOLDS** perfectly all day long. Instead of making-up every hour, you make up only once or twice a day!

The creation of Louis Philippe, whom all of Paris follows in the art of make-up, it banishes all smearing, all caking and drying and ends completely the unsightly "lipstick line" most women complain of.

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It is called *Rouge Incarnat* and comes as probably the nearest thing to a permanent make-up yet discovered. It is different from any rouge you have ever seen, though its form is the same.

You can use it, too, on BOTH LIPS AND CHEEKS. And thus gain a colour harmony that's amazing in contrast to using separate lipstick and rouge—both, invariably, of different colour. (Note picture above.)

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No more annoyance of constant making up. No uneven make-up. No caking, no smearing—and so exquisitely smooth that you cannot even feel it.

COMES IN TWO FORMS

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Rouge Incarnat

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NEW ATTRACTIVE MODEL



The "Claremont"

An extremely becoming example of the high-waisted coat with the new wide revers and collar of natural Musquash. The tawny colouring of the fur tones delightfully with the blue-green flecked homespun of which the model is made. Lined throughout with silk, this coat looks equally well in any smoothed surfaced material. Ready to wear or made to measure.

14 Guineas

In other fashionable materials
with fur to tone from 12 Gns.

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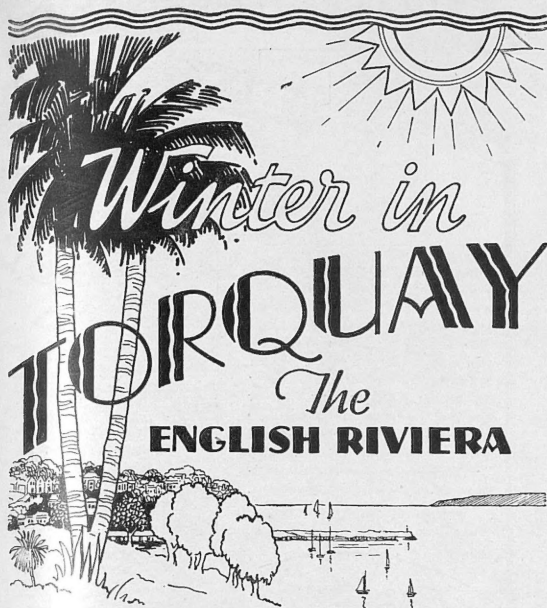
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BOTH COST 8 GUINEAS

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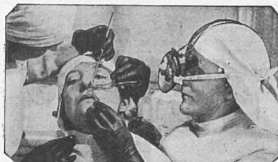
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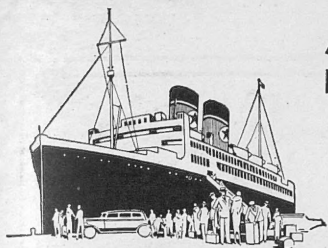
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Makes no difference whether you use regular Mennen or Menthol-ized (for extra coolness)—both are quick, luxurious, thorough! Try a tube!

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With its wonderful Casino

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The Connoisseur's List has only recently been published, but already it has been received by critics as one of the greatest gestures in the history of the gramophone; for indeed it cannot be described as a commercial venture in the usual sense of the term.

The records are standard "His Master's Voice" sold at standard reduced prices. A limited edition of the List has been printed and copies are obtainable from The Gramophone Company Ltd., 367, Oxford Street, W.1. When the supply is exhausted a reprint will not be made in the immediate future, so application at once is advised.



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE" RECORDS